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H E R M A N

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U N N A.

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VOLUME III.

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HERMAN OF UNNA

A

SERIES OF ADVENTURES

OF THE

FIFTEENTH CENTURY

IN WHICH THE

RECORDS OF THE GREAT THIRTY YEARS  
WAR ARE REPRODUCED IN  
THEIR ORIGINAL FORM

IN THREE VOLUMES

EDITED BY

BY PROFESSOR RANKE

THE SECOND EDITION

VOLUME III

LONDON

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1861

HERMAN OF UNNA:

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL UNDER  
THE EMPERORS WINCESLAUS AND SIGISMOND,  
ARE DELINEATED.

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WRITTEN IN GERMAN

BY PROFESSOR KRAMER.

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HERMAN OF LINN



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# HERMAN OF UNNA.

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A

*Series of Adventures of the Fifteenth  
Century, &c.*

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## CHAPTER I.

D A Y had begun to make its appearance, and some neighbouring peasants were repairing to their labours, when, arriving at the clump of oaks, near the fall of the brook, they saw two seemingly human figures, whose difficult respiration, sounding in the throat, announced their dissolution at hand. On a nearer examination they found them to be two young men closely embracing, and each pierced with a sword. As they still breathed, the honest peasants instantly resolved to convey them to the castle of madam Unna,

who had frequently by her care saved the lives of the sick and wounded, and who, they thought, would certainly not refuse her aid to these unfortunate strangers.

Alicia had detained Senden at Plettenburg as long as she had been able. He yielded the more readily to her solicitations, as he had the same motives for remaining as she for keeping him there.— They had not owned this to each other, as they carefully avoided meeting in private, but they guessed each others thoughts, and felt themselves mutually obliged.

Bernard, solely occupied with the contemplation of his own grandeur, saw nothing in this but the honour received by Ulric in residing five days at his court, and would have had no objection to his remaining there as many more, if Alicia, to whom he was very condescending, because she bore the name of Unna, had desired it.

Ulric on his side had reasons to quit the lovely Alicia as soon as possible, and

when Catherine informed him that Herman would depart the Monday after the nativity of the Virgin, he felt the same pleasure as a prisoner emancipated from his chains.

Madam Unna could not refrain from tears when Senden took leave. She recollected the past, thought of Herman, and trembled. She requested him to return home by way of Ahaus; a request at which Bernard smiled, as it was at least more than a mile about; but Ulric readily complied, fully comprehending the motive of Alicia.

The waters, being high, had rendered the road by Ahaus impassable. He was therefore obliged to return and take the usual way. He asked his servants what day of the week it was. They replied that, as it was past midnight, the day just begun might be called Wednesday.--“Monday and Wednesday,” said Ulric to himself, and he proceeded cheerfully.

Alicia presaged some misfortune. At supper she was melancholy; during the night she was restless. As sleep forsook her eyes, she rose, went to the balcony, and looked anxiously round as far as the light of the moon would permit her. The dawn still found her there. She endeavoured to dissipate the fatal presentiments that haunted her mind. She addressed to Heaven her wonted orisons! she prayed that a day might not pass without affording her an opportunity of doing good. She knew by experience that the practice of virtue was the best means of restoring tranquillity to an afflicted heart.

This duty fulfilled, she looked towards the valley, which the purple beams of morn had yet scarcely enlightened, and she discovered a company of men moving slowly towards the castle. One of them advanced before the rest and knocked at the gate.

“What misfortune has happened?  
“What are you bringing hither?” Cried  
Alicia from the balcony.

“Ah, noble lady!” replied the peasant  
who knew her voice: “is it you? What a  
“lucky omen! we bring you two unfortu-  
“nate beings, whom we found lying on  
“yonder hill covered with blood. They  
“still breathe. We have bound up their  
“wounds as well as we were able; the rest  
“we must leave to you; God always gives  
“a blessing to your charitable deeds.”

Alicia staid not to hear all he said, but  
ran to open the door herself, and in her  
way she awoke some of the servants who  
slept in the anti-chamber, that they might  
get ready the necessary apparatus for the  
wounded strangers.

The domestics of this benevolent female  
had long known, from experience, how to  
act on such occasions. Alicia, before she  
married, had been the friend, the com-  
forter, the nurse of the sick, and she thought  
herself happy in having a husband who

allowed her full liberty in the exercise of her benevolent disposition.

In those days it was accounted honourable to do good, and the pride of Bernard was not a little flattered when his wife was styled a second Elizabeth; a saint whose glory, in his eyes, was greatly enhanced by her being descended from a royal house.

It was not from such paltry motives that Alicia was prompted to benevolence; but she was prudent enough to avail herself of her husband's weakness and vanity, that she might pursue, unrestrained, her own inclinations.

Having opened the gate, she went to meet the wounded, to see that they were carried gently and with care. Approaching she beheld the face of Ulric, covered with the shades of death, Herman scarcely breathing, and she fell as devoid of life as either of them.

Her servants flew to her assistance, and she was conveyed, together with her two



dying friends, to the castle. At length she opened her eyes, and seeing a crowd about her, she made a sign for all, who were not absolutely necessary, to leave her, in order to assist Ulric and Herman. Her fears for these two unfortunate beings revived her strength, and she was soon able to repair to their chamber to examine their situation, and the treatment it required.

The steward, an expert surgeon, had already so far recovered Herman that he could open his eyes, and when his sister-in-law appeared, he was able to call her by her name, and convey her hand to his lips. Ulric of Senden was still in a swoon. A feeble pulsation of the heart was all that announced him alive. His wound was much deeper than Herman's. Against Herman he had lifted his sword with regret; against himself his arm had exerted all its strength.

By the indefatigable cares of Alicia, and the skill of her servants, Senden and Herman were at length both extricated from

their danger : but to the latter she was more particularly attentive, as Catherine had been sent for to superintend her husband. Herman's regard for his charming sister-in-law, and the confidence she reposed in him, increased every day from the habitude of seeing each other, and soon there was established between them as great an intimacy, as we have observed, in the preceding volume, to have subsisted between duke Albert of Austria and the lovely Ida. There was this difference however ; Herman could not be suspected of entertaining for Alicia sentiments warmer than those of friendship, whereas many of my readers may perhaps have judged otherwise respecting the feelings of Albert.

A few weeks after their arrival at Plettenburg, Herman was able to sit up, and Ulric was sufficiently recovered to send Catherine home to prepare for his return.— Herman had a thousand questions to ask respecting Ulric, and madam Unna was more inclined to answer them than formerly.—

She now knew enough of her brother-in-law to venture to open to him her heart. The pains she had taken on his account had rendered him more dear to her. She confessed the history of Senden to be so interwoven with hers, that it was impossible for her to relate what Herman was desirous of knowing, without making him the confident of her own adventures.

Hitherto Alicia had not been able to gratify the impatient curiosity of Herman, because her husband scarcely ever quitted the chamber of the convalescent, with whose conversation he was much entertained. At length however Bernard thought proper to visit Engelrading, where the lords of Ravensberg and Meerveldt gave a tournament, and this first leisure moment was employed as will be seen in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

“HOW shall I relate to you,” said Alicia, “events that will open all the ancient wounds of my heart, and perhaps represent me to your eyes in an unfavourable light! You will forgive the weakness of a woman, if the remembrance of what is past draw from her some tears. I call heaven to witness, that Ulric is no longer so dear to me as he was: yet I own that I cannot see him without some degree of emotion. At sight of him I experience a sensation which I am unable to define. It is not the remnant of a love subdued; it is a mixture of dread, fear, and compassion . . . . Whatever it be, you shall hear, and judge.

“Without doubt my sister-in-law, Catherine, has informed you that I am of the family of Langen, pursued for some years by the secret tribunal. My fa-

“ ther’s disputes with the bishop of Osnab-  
“ bruck relate not to my narrative. He  
“ fell a victim to the bishop’s rancour; as  
“ did my mother, who died of grief in the  
“ flower of her age, in consequence of  
“ which I became the ward of my elder  
“ brother.

“ Conrad loved me; he took as much  
“ care of me as a father could have done;  
“ and his confidence in me was so great,  
“ that he left me perfectly mistress of my  
“ actions. In his castle I was as I am here;  
“ I was treated not as his ward, but as the  
“ mistress of the house.

“ My brother was frequently absent  
“ from home for months together, God  
“ knows why. I fear he was then engaged  
“ in what brought on him the persecution  
“ he now suffers. His conduct was fre-  
“ quently rash and inconsiderate; and his  
“ enemies represented it in colours that  
“ made it appear still more reprehensible.  
“ I considered it as a duty incumbent on  
“ me to repair by prayers and good deeds



“ at home, the evil Conrad did abroad; and  
“ thus to divert the divine vengeance from  
“ our house, which had already experienced  
“ so many misfortunes. My actions might  
“ be good and laudable in themselves; the  
“ poor, the sick, the aged, found shelter  
“ and relief at the castle of Langen; but I  
“ carried my benevolence too far, I applied  
“ it not with sufficient discretion, and I was  
“ punished by the loss of my peace.

“ Ulric of Senden having been wounded  
“ in a single combat, at a small distance  
“ from the castle, his servants brought him  
“ to us, and begged assistance for their  
“ master. A strict regard to decorum, per-  
“ haps, would have required me to refuse  
“ my aid to a handsome young knight, and  
“ to send him to the monks of a neighbour-  
“ ing convent, who also did many charitable  
“ acts. But my sensibility suffered me to  
“ think of nothing but the danger of the  
“ wounded young man. Senden was con-  
“ sequently taken into our house; I attend-  
“ ed him as if he had been a brother; he



“ recovered; and . . . compassion on the  
“ one hand, and gratitude on the other;  
“ gave birth to a friendship, which was not  
“ long growing up to love.

“ Happy in each others affection, hope  
“ and innocence never quitted us. But, O  
“ celestial days! whither are you flown?

“ Ulric staid not long at the castle after  
“ his cure. Duty and decorum called  
“ him elsewhere. We had seen enough of  
“ each other to be sensible that we loved,  
“ and to imagine that we should love for  
“ ever. We exchanged mutual vows. It  
“ was necessary, that Senden should make  
“ a few more campaigns, to acquire glory  
“ and honours; and I purposed to remain  
“ at the head of my brother's household, till  
“ Beatrice of Meerveldt should assume the  
“ charge. It was agreed, that Ulric should  
“ then demand me in marriage. I could  
“ not suppose Conrad would refuse me to  
“ the man whom my heart should prefer.  
“ I thought, on the contrary, that his af-  
“ fection for me would induce him to con-

“tribute every thing he could to our union,  
“my happiness being too dear to him,  
“my will too sacred, for him to oppose  
“my inclinations. Besides, he was rich,  
“and could bestow on me a portion sufficient to compensate the scanty fortune of  
“Ulric.

“Winter arrived. The expeditions of  
“the knights were less frequent. My brother returned to his castle. A number  
“of waggons laden with booty followed  
“him! and I could not help asking, whether it were honestly acquired. An  
“austere look, the first I believe he ever  
“gave me, preceded his answer. ‘Women,’ said he, ‘know nothing of the  
“laws of war, or the privileges of nobility :  
“it becomes them, therefore, on such subjects, to be silent.’

“I *was* silent, and had soon more occasions than one to accustom myself to  
“it. During the winter, Conrad never  
“quitted his castle, except that he went  
“sometimes to hunt in the neighbouring

“ forest. His companions in arms visited  
“ him frequently. They were faces I had  
“ never seen, the rugged features of which  
“ confined me to the solitude of my cham-  
“ ber. Their noisy revelry disturbed my  
“ tranquillity by day, and my sleep by  
“ night. I ardently wished to be no longer  
“ witness to this irregular life; and I wait-  
“ ed with impatience the return of the sea-  
“ son, when the knights would again take  
“ the field. Still more eagerly did I look  
“ for the moment, when Ulric should come  
“ to seek his betrothed love, the good  
“ Ulric, in whose peaceful habitation I  
“ hoped to spend days that might be en-  
“ vied.

“ Conrad, who scrupled not to profane  
“ the eves of our festivals by his de-  
“ bauchery, was engaged, on the eve of  
“ Epiphany, in a drinking party, consisting  
“ of the most dissolute young men of the  
“ country. I, who considered my charms  
“ as sacred to Ulric—yes, Herman, I  
“ could then boast some charms—and who

“ chose not to expose them to the view of  
“ drunkards, was absent on this occasion.  
“ After taking care that the guests should  
“ want nothing, I retired with my women  
“ to the balcony which looks towards the  
“ forest, that I might be out of the reach  
“ of the frightful clamour, with which the  
“ castle resounded, and enjoy the calm of a  
“ fine winter evening. Nature ever ap-  
“ peared to me charming even in her un-  
“ dress. The light of the stars was reflected  
“ by the surrounding snow. My women  
“ shivered with cold, and I dismissed them  
“ to their beds : for my part, love and the  
“ thoughts of Ulric rendered me insensible  
“ to the rigour of the season. I thought on  
“ the verdant alcove where I had sat by his  
“ side ; I thought on the garland of flowers,  
“ crowned with which, he was soon to lead  
“ me to the altar.

“ So deeply was I absorbed in my reve-  
“ ries, that I did not at first perceive two  
“ men who issued from the neighbouring  
“ wood and seemed to glide towards the  
“ castle. From the whiteness of the snow,

“they appeared to me to be in black. I  
“was not rash enough to deny the appa-  
“rition of spirits, as my brother sometimes  
“did, and was afraid therefore, for a mo-  
“ment, to look a second time on these ter-  
“rifying objects. Curiosity, however, and  
“the possession of a good conscience, gave  
“me courage. I rose, and looked down.  
“The men were now so near the gate I  
“could not see them. They gave three  
“loud knocks, that reverberated afar from  
“the vaulted porch and, immediately re-  
“tiring, they disappeared in the forest.  
“The castle was instantly alarmed.—  
“The centinel on the tower sounded his  
“trumpet; lights appeared on the battle-  
“ments; the vaults under me resounded  
“with the steps of our cavaliers, who ran  
“to open the gate. Twenty voices spoke  
“at once, so that I could not understand a  
“word. Soon I heard my brother and his  
“guests: Conrad swore, his drunken com-  
“panions laughed. My heart throbbed; I  
“presaged some fatal event. I called up  
“my women, and sent them to listen.—



“ They soon returned, to inform me that  
“ the company was suddenly dispersed,  
“ and that my brother was coming to tell  
“ me himself the occasion of the alarm.  
“ My attendants wept, and I wept with  
“ them, distressed and disquieted by anxi-  
“ ous doubts.

“ Conrad made his appearance, pale as  
“ death. He informed me . . . Good God!  
“ what could be more terrible? . . . that  
“ he was cited before the secret tribunal of  
“ Osnabruck, to give an account of certain  
“ actions, concerning which I had so often  
“ remonstrated with him. I trembled,  
“ though I knew not yet the extent of our  
“ misfortune. My brother spent half  
“ the night in disclosing to me the hor-  
“ rors of that terrible tribunal, and  
“ to convince me, that he could not, and  
“ durst not, appear to answer the citation  
“ affixed by the free judges to the gate of  
“ the castle. I was of a different opinion,  
“ and we parted half in anger.

“ The day following, I threw myself in  
“ tears at my brother's feet, to intreat him



“to appear before his judges. ‘Do you  
“know what you ask?’ cried he: ‘nothing  
“less than my death. What at Osnabruck  
“is called my crime, is as certain as if it  
“were proved. If I were to appear, there-  
“fore, you would never see me again;  
“while, on the other hand, prudence,  
“courage, and flight, may save me.”

“I leave you to guess how little such a  
“declaration was calculated to quiet my ap-  
“prehensions. His crime proved; his  
“death certain; flight his only resource;  
“what a melancholy situation!—My anxi-  
“ety, and the exertions I made to find  
“some method of extricating him from his  
“danger, were near depriving me of reason  
“and of life. In the mean time, my bro-  
“ther went in and out of his castle freely,  
“and without being disturbed. No one in-  
“sulted him, no one said a single word to  
“him. He soon resumed his old habits,  
“and the companions of his debaucheries  
“re-appeared. I myself shared his secu-  
“rity, and had almost forgotten the affair,  
“when the free judges came a second time

“ to knock at the gate, and thus renewed  
“ the terror with which they had before in-  
“ spired me.

“ The fear excited in me by the ap-  
“ proaching danger was this time more  
“ acute; but it was not of long duration.  
“ I observed that the sun shone on us as  
“ bright as before, and that both nature and  
“ man treated us as kindly. At length the  
“ visit of these nightly disturbers, as Con-  
“ rad called them, seemed to me a childish  
“ sport, and I thought little of it, when one  
“ morning my women came to tell me,  
“ that the free judges had come that night  
“ for the third time, and that my brother  
“ had pulled their placard from the gate,  
“ torn it to pieces, and forbidden any one  
“ to mention it.

“ In fact, Conrad said not a word to me  
“ on the subject. Yet his anxiety and dis-  
“ tress were apparent in spite of his endea-  
“ vours to conceal them. I was so little  
“ accustomed to see him in this state, that  
“ I readily perceived it, and relapsed into

“ my former fears. The consequences  
“ justified them but too well. Conrad had  
“ hitherto enjoyed his usual tranquillity,  
“ only from the silence that was observed  
“ respecting his misfortune: but when, by  
“ the flight of one of our domestics, it be-  
“ came known that he was pursued by the  
“ secret tribunal, every thing assumed a dif-  
“ ferent face. At the first citation, as I now  
“ learnt, the greater part of my brother’s  
“ servants, who were not vassals attached to  
“ the glebe, gave notice that they should  
“ quit him, and it was only by dint of  
“ promises and presents that he retained  
“ them. But after the third citation no-  
“ thing could induce them to stay. Even  
“ my women left me, one only excepted.  
“ The neighbouring ladies avoided meet-  
“ ing me, and Beatrice of Meerveldt, on  
“ whose faith Conrad had placed the firmest  
“ confidence, gave him to understand, that  
“ she renounced his alliance.

“ ‘It is over with me,’ said Conrad, one  
“ day, as I entered his chamber, on his

“ sending for me: ‘ behold the fourth cita-  
“ tion! The free judges affixed it to the  
“ gate of the castle in open day, and took  
“ away with them three stones from the  
“ wall. I am condemned if I do not ap-  
“ pear; and if I do, I shall never see you  
“ more, till we meet in eternity. I must  
“ be gone, my sister: have pity on me,  
“ and do not abandon me, as others have  
“ done: favour my escape, conceal it as  
“ long as you can, and then fly yourself.  
“ Remain with me during this terrible in-  
“ terval; remain, Alicia, or I shall be  
“ forced first to pierce thy heart, and then  
“ my own.’

“ ‘ Fly? abandon you!’ cried I, in tears.  
“ Alas! I will follow you, if you wish it:  
“ I will share your fate, though . . . .  
“ though I partook not in your crimes.

“ Ah, do not reproach me! No: you  
“ have committed no crime, but, on the  
“ contrary, have often warned me of mine.  
“ Yet, Alicia, do not reproach me, or you  
“ will drive me to despair.

“ The situation of my brother was de-  
“ plorable. It filled me at once with fear,  
“ pity, and an extreme, but painful tender-  
“ ness. He seemed to think only of me ; I  
“ appeared to be his only consolation ; and  
“ he would not lose me a moment from  
“ his sight, accompanying me wherever I  
“ was obliged to go to make the necessary  
“ preparations for his journey.

“ They were soon completed. I packed  
“ up all the jewels he had given me, that  
“ they might be a resource to him in his  
“ need. I would keep no part of those  
“ treasures, which had perhaps cost my  
“ brother the happiness of his life.

“ Conrad, at his departure, embraced  
“ me with the tenderest affection. He la-  
“ mented his being obliged to leave me  
“ without any kind of protection. ‘ Why,’  
“ said he, ‘ was I not allowed first to place  
“ thee in the hands of a worthy husband ?  
“ But thy beauty, thy virtues, thy attach-  
“ ment to a brother forsaken by all the  
“ world, of which thou hast given such

“ striking proofs, will gain thee a thousand  
“ hearts, and thou mayest yet be happy.’

“ ‘ How!’ answered I, weeping, ‘ can I  
“ think of love and marriage, while you are  
“ unfortunate? Hear me, my brother. I  
“ swear by all that is most sacred, that,  
“ even if I knew the man who was one day  
“ to become my husband, I would refuse  
“ him my hand, till I was assured of your  
“ safety, your happiness.’

“ ‘ Do not, my dear sister, do not enter  
“ into so rash an engagement. You have  
“ need of a protector. There is nothing I  
“ so ardently wish, as that you were at-  
“ tached to a man of honour, and that he  
“ was here at this moment that I might in-  
“ stantly confide you to his care.’

“ The colour came into my face, and I  
“ dared not answer. I thought of Ulric,  
“ lately returned from a campaign in Italy,  
“ whom I expected every day. ‘ Why,’  
“ thought I, with a sigh, ‘ does he not now  
“ make his appearance? Could they but  
“ meet!’



“ ‘ I request but one favour,’ said Conrad, embracing me again, ‘ one single favour: do not give your hand to one of my persecutors; you are too good, too handsome, to become the prey of a demon!’

“ I promised what he wished, and we tore ourselves from each other’s arms.— Perhaps we had already wasted too much time; in our critical situation every moment was precious.

“ Weeping I returned to my chamber, and there found consolation: My dear Ulric had sent me an express, who had entered while I was accompanying my brother by a private way out of the castle.

“ ‘ O!’ cried I, ‘ where is thy master? Why was he not here an hour sooner, if, as I hope, he is in the neighbourhood?’

“ ‘ He is coming, madam; he will be here in a moment; he begs to speak to you in private; and requests you will admit him by the back gate.’



“ ‘Does he come that way!’ replied I,  
“ ‘with joy: ‘ then he will meet my bro-  
“ ther; he will see him, and may speak to  
“ him of our love!—Does he know my  
“ brother?’

“ ‘No:’ said the man, with a look of  
“ alarm: ‘ No, madam, I believe not.—  
“ But has Mr. Langen indeed taken the  
“ road which my master is coming?’

“ ‘Yes, yes; they must meet. Ah, if  
“ they do but know, if they do not miss  
“ each other!’

“ ‘But your brother, is he not pursued  
“ by the secret tribunal?’

“ ‘What a question!’ replied I. ‘Would  
“ you . . . . but no: I cannot suspect a  
“ confident of Ulric.’

“ ‘I must leave you, I must leave you,’  
“ cried the servant, ‘ I must hasten to pre-  
“ vent a misfortune.’

“ I saw him depart, more dead than  
“ alive with fear. ‘ What is he going to  
“ do?’ thought I: ‘ To prevent a misfor-  
“ tune, or to commit a treachery? . . . . Yet,

“ he is a servant of Ulric . . . . No: he  
“ cannot be a traitor. Is he not the sole  
“ confident of our loves? the sole messenger  
“ of our secrets? Have I ever remarked in  
“ him a suspicious action?”

“ I walked backwards and forwards in  
“ my chamber in agitation inconceivable.  
“ Now I ran to the window, then to the  
“ door, to see if Ulric were coming . . . .  
“ ‘Where can he stay?’ said I . . . . ‘D.d  
“ not his messenger say, that he would be  
“ here in a moment?’

“ Evening came, but no Ulric. I was  
“ sitting in my chamber alone, without  
“ light, and giving up myself wholly to my  
“ grief, when suddenly the door opened; a  
“ man appeared; I should have taken him  
“ for Ulric from his figure, which I could  
“ yet distinguish, notwithstanding the dark-  
“ ness, and from the palpitation of my  
“ heart the moment he entered, had he not,  
“ instead of running to throw himself at my  
“ feet, advanced gently a few steps, then

“ again drawn back, and, leaning against the  
“ wall, turned his face from me.

“ ‘ Who are you ? ’ said I, with a tremulous voice.

“ A sigh was the only answer I received.

“ ‘ Is it not you, Ulric ? ’ added I ; and I  
“ ran to him with open arms. ‘ Yes, it is :  
“ that sigh betrays you.’

“ ‘ Retire, madam, retire : do not touch  
“ me ; my hands are stained with blood.’

“ ‘ With blood ! Alas, Ulric, you are  
“ wounded ! Help ! Help !’

“ ‘ No, I am not wounded ; but have  
“ inflicted a wound,’ said he, with a furious tone.

“ ‘ And whom have you wounded ?  
“ asked I, trembling.

“ ‘ Your brother, whom his cruel fate  
“ delivered into my hands.’

“ My waiting woman, who had heard  
“ me cry for help, now entered with a light.  
“ Ulric and I stood facing each other, living  
“ pictures of the deepest despair. My

“countenance spoke my feelings: his was  
‘pale and wan, he had a sword in his  
“hand, and was covered with blood.

“‘My brother!’ replied I, after a long  
“silence: ‘my brother! The blood then  
“with which thy hands are polluted is Con-  
“rad’s? Wretch that thou art, what has im-  
“pelled thee to the perpetration of so black  
“a deed?

“‘Alas! dire necessity. I am bound  
“by a terrible oath.’

“‘Necessity compel thee to assassinate  
“my brother! . . . . Oh, villain!’

“‘Ah, why did I encounter him! Why  
“did you send him to meet me? You  
“knew that I sought to avoid him; did not  
“my messenger tell you so?’

“‘Your messenger! Necessity! a terri-  
“ble oath!’ cried I, without knowing what I  
“said, and I fell senseless into the arms of  
“my servant.

“When I came to myself Ulric was  
“gone. The maid who supported me said,  
“that he had muttered some unintelligible

“ words, and at last retired, declaring, that  
“ he would justify himself, and I should be  
“ forced to pardon him.

“ ‘ Pardon him! . . . Pardon him the  
“ death of my brother!’

“ I passed the night in the most dread-  
“ ful agitation. The impossibility of de-  
“ veloping this inextricable labyrinth almost  
“ distracted me. Morning brought new  
“ griefs. A report was spread, that Conrad  
“ had been arrested near his castle by the  
“ free judges, and conducted to the prison  
“ of Osnabruck.

“ A cold sweat bedewed my face, when  
“ I heard the fatal news. A terrible  
“ mystery began to unfold itself to my eyes,  
“ and the pressure of my griefs almost ren-  
“ dered me insensible.

“ Ulric’s servant, who a few hours after  
“ requested to be admitted to my presence,  
“ converted my conjectures into certainty.  
“ He would not avow, that his master was a  
“ member of the secret tribunal; their oath,  
“ you know, obliges them to secrecy on that

“ head; but the circumstances he related,  
“ to justify Ulric, proved it too clearly.

“ He owned that his master had heard  
“ of my brother’s misfortune, had been  
“ greatly affected by it, had sworn to carry  
“ me away secretly, with or without my con-  
“ sent, and that, resolved to avoid Conrad,  
“ and displaying the greatest apprehension  
“ of meeting him on the road, he had sent  
“ this servant before, in order to prevent  
“ the interview he dreaded.

“ ‘ But his destiny,’ added the servant,  
“ rendered all these precautions vain, by  
“ throwing Conrad in his way. My master  
“ knew him not: but seeing a cavalier com-  
“ ing from the castle, he suspected it to be  
“ your brother, and deemed it not incom-  
“ patible with his duty to turn back, and  
“ thus avoid the sad necessity of attacking  
“ him. He hid himself in the wood, let  
“ Conrad pass, and then resumed his way,  
“ hoping to arrive quietly at the castle,  
“ when another person appeared, with whom  
“ he was also unacquainted, but who soon



“ made himself known in a manner, that  
“ threw Ulric into the greatest consterna-  
“ tion. He whispered in his ear the com-  
“ mission with which he was charged; de-  
“ claring at the same time that, alone, he  
“ was too weak to execute it, and therefore  
“ claimed his assistance. My master  
“ started some difficulties; when the  
“ stranger uttered certain words that com-  
“ pelled him to follow. They went toge-  
“ ther, and found your brother and ano-  
“ ther knight reposing under a tree. This  
“ knight seems to have been led there by  
“ chance, and probably knew not with  
“ whom he was in company; yet he thought  
“ himself obliged in honour to take the  
“ part of a man attacked by two at once.—  
“ They fought; my master and his com-  
“ rade were victors; your brother's second  
“ was put to flight, and himself, after be-  
“ ing severely wounded, was made prisoner,  
“ and conveyed to Osnabruck.’

“ Ulric, as his domestic assured me,  
“ behaved nobly in the combat. He re-



“ fused to assist in conducting Conrad to  
“ prison, and hastened to me, to confess  
“ the crime he had been obliged to commit,  
“ and implore my pardon. I answered, I  
“ had no pardon to grant him, he might  
“ possibly have acted agreeably to his cruel  
“ duty, but it was no longer permitted me  
“ to think of a man through whom my  
“ brother was about to die an infamous  
“ death: I had vowed beside never to be  
“ the wife of one of his persecutors, and . . .  
“ we were separated for ever. I desired  
“ the servant to impart this to his master.

“ Ulric came to me, to convince me of  
“ his innocence. Our interview was pain-  
“ ful. Love and duty assailed me by turns;  
“ but duty conquered, and Ulric was for  
“ ever banished from my sight.

“ I shall pass over the regret I, perhaps,  
“ afterwards felt, respecting the conduct I  
“ had pursued on this occasion, particularly  
“ when my brother had escaped from pri-  
“ son, and a more perfect acquaintance  
“ with the terrible oath, which obliged Ul-

“ric and his comrades to commit such  
“acts of savage barbarity, had taught me  
“to excuse him.

“Before the period arrived, when I  
“might have indulged such regret, I was  
“become the wife of Bernard, and Ulric  
“the husband of Catherine. These double  
“ties forbad us ever to think of each other,  
“and nothing was left for us but to forget  
“the past.

“Having recited these circumstances, I  
“need not tell you, that your situation re-  
“called most painfully to my mind these  
“early events of my life; and that I had  
“sufficient reason to warn you not to con-  
“tract an intimacy with Ulric. I knew  
“him: I was aware of the rigour of his  
“duty; and I could not but fear, what has  
“since happened, a repetition of my bro-  
“ther’s catastrophe.”

“Thanks, thanks to that fate,” cried  
“Herman, pressing the hand of Alicia to  
his heart, “which has made you my sister-  
“in-law, and has willed, that, though I was

“deaf to your counsel, I should still owe  
“my life to you.

“Poor young man,” replied she, “how  
“did I wish, that my fears, my terrors, on  
“your account, might be the means of  
“sparing you the smallest of your suffer-  
“ings! Meanwhile I too ought to thank  
“Heaven for having given me a brother  
“like you, and that I have at least found  
“in my husband’s family one man whom  
“I can really esteem . . . . independently  
“of him, to whom my respect and attach-  
“ment are due.”

These last words did not escape Herman.  
He perceived that Alicia’s attention to her  
husband were founded solely on a senti-  
ment of duty, attachment, and the gratitude  
with which his tenderness must naturally in-  
spire a mind such as her’s. He could not,  
therefore, avoid asking how she had become  
his wife.

“‘My brother’s affairs,’ answered she,  
“‘were in a bad state. Such of his posses-  
“sions as were entailed, were vested in the

“ hands of trustees, and a guardian was  
“ appointed me. This guardian was your  
“ brother. You may guess the rest. He  
“ took a liking to me, and asked my hand.  
“ I was poor, forlorn, separated from my  
“ lover, and . . . . I married him.

“ Nothing has disturbed our union.—  
“ Gratitude has supplied the place of love  
“ in my heart; and my husband's senti-  
“ ments for me have been powerfully sup-  
“ ported by the vanity of having become  
“ the protector of an unfortunate orphan;  
“ and by the universal applause bestowed  
“ on his choice. I have been happy  
“ enough to conceal from him, and from  
“ all the world, my first attachment, and  
“ to prevent any misunderstanding be-  
“ tween him and my former lover. My  
“ conduct has been such, that I have never  
“ received from your brother the smallest  
“ reproach. Soon after my marriage,  
“ Ulric became my brother-in-law: how  
“ distressing therefore would it have been,

“ had I given cause for suspicion, or  
“ distrust !”

“ But there is one circumstance, that is  
“ still a mystery,” said Herman. “ How  
“ was it possible for Ulric so soon to console  
“ himself? And how, after having lost an  
“ Alicia, could he wed a Catherine?”

“ With that I am little acquainted,” an-  
“ swered Alicia : “ yet, I will tell you  
“ what I know, and what are my conjec-  
“ tures. Catherine of Unna, having an in-  
“ superable aversion to the life of a cloister  
“ to which she was destined, imagined that  
“ the surest way of escaping her impend-  
“ ing fate would be to have recourse to the  
“ enemy of her family, the old count of  
“ Unna. This protector of the oppressed  
“ received her with open arms ; he thought  
“ her ill-used, that she had sufficient rea-  
“ son to complain, and promised to find  
“ her a husband. It was at his house she  
“ became acquainted with Mr. de Senden.  
“ At that time the features of Catherine  
“ were more agreeable than at present ; and

“ she had the art of concealing the defects  
“ of her mind.

“ The heart of Ulric breathed nothing  
“ but revenge, for the change that had  
“ taken place in my sentiments respecting  
“ him. He probably thought he should  
“ give me pain, by marrying my sister-in-  
“ law, and thus become as it were a living  
“ reproach in my eyes, of what he had  
“ termed my inconstancy. In his marriage  
“ he unhappily found his own punishment ;  
“ as you may judge from the manner in  
“ which it was effected. The count of  
“ Unna was too warmly attached to Ulric,  
“ and knew too well the disposition of Ca-  
“ therine to disapprove the match. He  
“ married them, however, at his earnest  
“ entreaty, and then left them to their  
“ fate.”



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### CHAPTER III.

HERMAN was not perfectly satisfied with the explanation Alicia had given of certain particulars in her narrative; but it would not, he thought, have been decorous openly to have confessed it. His first difficulties related to the marriage of Catherine; the next to that part of Alicia's story which respected the mysteries of the secret tribunal; mysteries, that are now become, in many respects, unfathomable, and of which the documents that have reached us afford but little information.

Ulric of Senden was a principal object of his reflections. The unhappy adventure of the oaks had not extinguished in the heart of Herman the inclination he had previously felt for his brother-in-law. — Though the event had nearly cost him his life, it lowered not Ulric in his eyes, but increased his esteem for him. Even his be-

haviour towards Conrad, was, in his opinion, easily justified. A man, who had the courage to sacrifice his dearest inclinations to his supposed duty, deserved, as he thought, respect and admiration, or at least compassion. No doubt he judged erroneously, or at least extended his maxim too far; but he lived in an age that must have inspired notions different from ours.

Alicia, at heart, perhaps, more attached to Senden than she had avowed, was little qualified to rectify the judgment of Herman on this occasion: she endeavoured, however, to divert him from his project of continuing to seek the friendship of Ulric, and to convince him, that no intimacy could subsist between them, while the sentence of the secret tribunal remained in force.

“But he loves me,” said Herman, interrupting her; “he himself declared, at the dreadful moment, that his heart was irresistibly drawn towards mine . . . . Can he suppose that he has not already sufficiently fulfilled his cruel duty by

“the blood” he has shed; and that he may  
“not henceforward live in friendship  
“with me?”

“Do as you please,” answered Alicia,  
with a sigh: “take it not ill of me, how-  
“ever, if I never leave you a single mo-  
“ment alone; and if when I cannot  
“watch you myself, I appoint others to  
“supply my place.”

Herman availed himself of the first in-  
stant of his perfect recovery, to visit Ulric.  
Joy sparkled in the eyes of Senden, when  
he beheld our young hero cured of his  
wound, though it was obscured by a tear.  
He advanced to meet him with open arms,  
as if he would have pressed him to his  
bosom: but, recollecting himself, this  
cordial reception was exchanged for a cold  
and formal bow.

“Is it then impossible,” cried Herman,  
“to move thy heart in my favour? Have  
“I not been able, though at the price of  
“my blood, to purchase thy friendship?”

Ulric turned aside to conceal his emotion. "One day, perhaps," answered he, pressing his hand; "one day, perhaps . . . . but at present it is impossible.—" "Believe me, I am more unfortunate than yourself."

Alicia, who was present, turned the conversation to Herman's adventure near Fritzlar; and he related, in a manner so clear, the false appearances which had occasioned him to be accused of the murder of duke Frederic; and the motives which had induced the tribunal of princes at Nuremberg to pronounce him innocent, that the least suspicion respecting him could not remain. Ulric begged him not to forget the cause of his flight, and the business that had brought him into this part of the world; and, when Herman had fully satisfied him on this subject, Senden fell into a profound reverie, from which the conversation of Alicia and our knight, could with difficulty rouse him.

"Herman," said he, at length, "consider, that I am not thy judge, if I

"were, heaven knows how favourable I should perhaps be to thee!"

"You must, you shall be my judge!" cried Herman, "and tell me, what you think in your heart of my character and situation!"

"For God's sake," replied Ulric, "speak no more to me of things, respecting which I am forbidden to be explicit."

These last words vexed Alicia, and made Herman sad. They parted from Ulric. Bernard returned from Engelrading; the time for confidential interviews was past; they met only at table. Herman, who felt his strength renewed, grew tired of remaining longer at the castle. He reflected on his business with the old count of Unna; he had been obliged to suspend it but too long, and he hastened to depart.

Madam Unna, advised him not to inform her husband that he was going to visit the enemy of their family; but, as the abbess of Marienhagen knew his design, it was no secret to Bernard. Every ima-

ginable means were employed to induce him to renounce his intention. Bernard represented to him the disgrace it would be, to demand succour and protection of the count, while he had such a brother as himself. Ursula cited the story of Catherine, who had formerly had recourse to the old gentleman, without obtaining any thing from him, but the hand of a man who loved her not. They went so far even as to invent numberless obstacles to hinder Herman from executing his design : but he remained unshaken in his resolution, and disappointed them all, by departing in the night, without taking leave of them. He ran, however, to bid adieu to the good nuns of Uberwasser, and thence repaired in haste to the castle of Senden, to embrace the children of Catherine.

Ulric, who was perfectly cured, had quitted Plettenburg before Herman. The latter hoped to find his brother-in-law at home, and have a friendly interview with him ; but he was told by Catherine, that



he had set out on a journey the evening before, and that she had reason to believe, he was gone to the old count of Unna.

At every inn where he stopped, Herman found his sister's supposition confirmed. Ulric had regularly preceded him a few hours, and when he entered the castle of Unna, he perceived some of Senden's attendants in the court.

At first he knew not what to think of the circumstance: but the ingenuousness of his own mind, soon removed his apprehensions. Ulric might have business with the count of Unna, as well as himself; indeed, this must necessarily be the case, the count being the chief of the secret tribunal in that district, and Senden one of the free judges.

In those days it had not yet become customary to dance attendance for days together in a great man's antichamber, without obtaining an audience. He who first arrived, was first introduced. Herman,

therefore, was no sooner announced, than admitted. He entered, and found Ulric at the door.

The place rendered any conversation between them impossible. They embraced, indeed, as they passed; but this embrace was so cold on the part of Senden, that Herman was struck with it, and could not help suspecting the nature of the motive that had brought him to Unna.

The old count, whose locks were white as snow, but whose eyes were animated with all the fire of youth, cast on Herman, as he entered, a severe and penetrating look. "Who are you, young man?" said he, with solemn gravity.

The venerable aspect of the count, and the air of dignity imprinted on all his features, impelled Herman, as he named himself, to bow before him more profoundly than he had been wont to kings themselves.

"What is your business?"

"To demand justice."

“Rash youth! For the murderer of  
“duke Frederic, to demand justice, is to  
“expose himself to the danger of losing his  
“head.”

“I am not the murderer of duke Fre-  
“deric.”

“Prove it.”

“My own heart, and this testimony of  
“the duke of Austria, are my proofs.”

“The first, thine heart, I am unable  
“to read; and the second is insufficient.—  
“The duke of Austria was not present  
“when the crime was committed.”

“God then, whose eye was alike open  
“both on the assassin and on me: him I  
“call to witness.”

“Appearances are against you?”

“What an equitable judge, perhaps him-  
“self, to be determined by appearances!”

“I sit not here as your judge.”

“Be so then, as my friend, as the friend  
“of innocence oppressed.”

“As your relation, if you please; as a  
“person, who wishes to see you justified.  
“But, why so dilatory, young man, in

“ having recourse to me. I perceive an  
“ irresolution in your conduct which  
“ agrees not with innocence. I have been  
“ informed that you came purposely to ask  
“ my advice; but that, feeling it too irk-  
“ some to wait my return, you thought  
“ proper to resort to persons whom I hate,  
“ with whom you had hitherto lived your-  
“ self on bad terms, and with whom you  
“ have now, it seems, suddenly become re-  
“ conciled. Their hatred would have re-  
“ commended you more effectually than  
“ their friendship; they are a cursed race,  
“ from which there has not sprung a single  
“ individual worthy of esteem, for two ge-  
“ nerations.”

“ My lord, they are my brothers and  
“ sisters.”

“ Yes, unfortunately; but, for that,  
“ you would be more welcome to me.”

“ Can the count of Unna, the chief of  
“ the first tribunal in the world, give  
“ judgment so partially? Beside, there are

“ in my family an Agnes and a Petronilla,  
“ an Alicia of Langen, and an Ulric of Sen-  
“ den.”

“ Leave the women to themselves ;  
“ they enter not into the account ; and as  
“ to Ulric of Senden . . . .”

“ Upon my honour,” said Herman, in-  
interrupting him, and lifting his hands to  
heaven, “ I believe him to be the noblest  
“ of human beings.”

“ What he whose murderous sword, had  
“ nearly deprived you of life !”

“ He did his duty . . . . No doubt I  
“ am hated by him ; perhaps even pur-  
“ sued by him hither. Yet I cannot but  
“ love him.”

The count was silent, cast down his eyes,  
and appeared deeply absorbed in thought.  
“ Yes,” replied he, “ after a long interval,  
“ Ulric has been with me ; he has said a  
“ great deal concerning you, and has oc-  
“ casioned no small alteration in the recep-  
“ tion I should have given you . . . . You

“ may withdraw : when I have need of your  
“ presence I will send for you.”

Herman retired, his heart filled with a thousand different sensations.

“ Beware, however, of flying,” cried the count of Unna, as he went out : “ your  
“ pursuers are every where.”

“ Flying!” replied Herman, with a tone of contempt : “ innocence cannot fly.”

Thus ended an audience, from which so much had been expected, and on which the duke of Austria had built every hope for his favourite. In the count, Herman descried nothing but the haughty relation, the prejudiced judge, whose good disposition towards him he suspected had been poisoned by perfidious manœuvres.

“ He has said a great deal concerning  
“ me! he has occasioned no small change  
“ in my reception!” said Herman to himself. “ Ah! Ulric, Ulric! I could pardon thee the shedding my blood, but  
“ these false imputations against me, to a  
“ man on whom I placed all my hope!—



“No: this I cannot pardon . . . . Thy  
“duty may require thee to deprive me of  
“life; but what laws could oblige thee to  
“slander me?”

In the evening, Herman was sent for by the count of Unna.

“You no doubt know what you ought  
“to think of Senden,” said the count.

“Hitherto I did not know: I have now  
“learnt.”

“You must speak to me ingenuously;  
“explain yourself therefore . . . . Do you  
“think he has completely fulfilled his duty  
“towards you?”

“I know not, precisely, of what nature  
“are the duties which he and his colleagues  
“are bound to fulfill.

“Relate to me circumstantially what  
“passed between you in the forest. Tell  
“me on what terms you lived together be-  
“fore, and how he has treated you since.  
“You have no reason to spare him: he did  
“not spare you.”

Herman related the story as desired.—  
The count shook his head. “This is horrible,” said he: “and he did not warn you of the danger that threatened you? Did not give you the least hint to induce you to avoid him?”

“He could not warn me, I imagine, without breaking the oath by which he is bound.”

“Yet, if he loved you, if he pitied you, as you then imagined, it seems to me he ought to have cautioned you.”

“I considered his action as the greatest sacrifice he could make to his severe, his cruel duty. I thought in reality that he loved me, and that it was with painful reluctance he plunged his poniard into my bosom: yet, now that he has been capable of calumniating me, that he has sought to alienate from me the heart of my respected relation! . . .”

“This is foreign to the purpose. One question more. It is said you were both wounded . . . They were probably those

“slight sort of wounds, made by mutual  
“agreement. People are at hand, ready  
“stationed to assist the wounded; the  
“wounds are bound up; and the parties  
“imagine they have fulfilled all that ho-  
“nour prescribes to them.”

Herman began again the recital of his terrible adventure. He described Ulric's previous self-conflict in the most affecting manner, and the violence he seemed to have done himself, in drenching his sword in his brother's blood; and he finished with shewing the scar that remained in his side. “Large as this is,” added he, “Senden  
“spared himself still less; he seemed de-  
“sirous of reaching the grave before him  
“whom he conceived himself obliged to  
“send thither, that he might not witness  
“his last moments. His life long held by  
“a single thread, when mine was already  
“out of danger.”

“His wound, then, was actually inflicted  
“by his own hand, not by your's?”

“By mine! could I possibly have lifted  
“my hand against my dear Ulric!”

“This is too horrible!” exclaimed the  
count, clasping his hands together: “A  
“fratricide, and a suicide! Behold the ter-  
“rible consequences of a justice which is  
“said to be the semblance of that of hea-  
“ven! . . . . Wretched mortals! when will  
“ye shake off these cruel chains? . . .  
“Herman, my son, my dear son! . . . .  
“Ulric of Senden, my friend, the un-  
“happy victim of thy duty! . . . Embrace  
“each other! your differences are for ever  
“at an end!”

As he said these words, the count open-  
ed a door, that was by his side. Ulric  
rushed forward, and closely folded Herman  
in his arms “My brother! my friend!”  
cried he: “At length I can give utterance  
“to thy feelings: I dare speak what I think  
“of thee.”

Herman stood as if petrified. He com-  
prehended nothing of what he saw, or what

he heard, and was undetermined whether he should return the caresses he received from Ulric.

“Young man,” resumed the count, you  
“are ignorant of what has been going for-  
“ward here to-day. You do not suspect,  
“perhaps, that you and your friend have  
“been put to a most dangerous proof.—  
“The life of one, and my good opinion of  
“the other, were at stake: but your de-  
“position has saved both. Ulric of Sen-  
“den, who had already been accused of not  
“having properly discharged his duty, as  
“an instrument of secret vengeance, in the  
“affair of Conrad of Langen, was charged  
“with having failed in it a second time with  
“regard to you. It was said, that he had  
“cautioned you, and given you arms to  
“defend yourself; that he had wounded  
“you only to save appearances, and had,  
“for the same reason, been wounded him-  
“self. Such faults, alas! to which hu-  
“manity ought to give another name, are  
“punished by us with death. The con-

“ duct of Ulric gave a plausible face to the  
“ accusation. He arose, and contested in  
“ the secret tribunal the sentence that had  
“ been passed on you; he defended your  
“ innocence, and even demanded leave to  
“ resign his place, to be divested of the sad  
“ dignity of executioner of the divine ven-  
“ geance, that he might live with you in  
“ brotherly amity. Upon this he was con-  
“ demned. For my part, I trembled at  
“ the injustice committed under the sacred  
“ name of our tribunal. I insisted on an  
“ investigation of the affair. Your arrival  
“ afforded me a favourable opportunity of  
“ discovering the truth. “ Some words  
“ that I let fall gave you reason to suppose  
“ that Ulric had slandered you to me. The  
“ displeasure this excited in your mind re-  
“ moves every suspicion of your partiality  
“ in his favour. You answered my studied  
“ questions without preparation; and your  
“ answers agree with his. Thus Ulric is  
“ justified; and Herman, as a reward for  
“ his ingenuousness, obtains the liberty of-



“being in future the friend of his brother-  
“in-law without any apprehension, as the  
“resignation of the latter will be accepted  
“without difficulty.”

“And will not Herman, too, be justified?” said Ulric, who held the hand of the young knight in his own.

“I ardently wish it: but, alas! what I  
“have learnt from you respecting him,  
“though demonstration in my eyes, is not  
“so in those of others; and he must be-  
“take himself to flight. Time renders  
“possible things that at present can scarcely  
“be expected. One important circumstance,  
“however, I have discovered from you,  
“my dear Ulric: it is, that beside Kunz-  
“man, who at his death declared Herman  
“an accomplice in his crime, two or three  
“others engaged in the murder of duke  
“Frederic were seen, who, perhaps de-  
“signedly, have not been sought after with  
“sufficient diligence. God knows how an  
“enquiry into this important point came to  
“be neglected when judgment was given!

“ . . . . But vengeance will overtake those  
“ villains, and their dépositions will con-  
“ firm or contradict that of Kunzman, and  
“ show where lies the truth.”

“ They will be found to contradict it,”  
cried Herman, “ or I am not worthy of  
“ being related to the noble count of  
“ Unna.”

“ I trust that you *are* worthy of it.—  
“ You shall be my relation, nay, my son,  
“ if time justify you in the eyes of the  
“ world, as you are already justified in  
“ mine.”

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CHAPTER IV.

THE two friends quitted the count to enjoy their happiness in retirement.

“Thou wert my defender to the count, then; and not my accuser!” said Herman as soon as he had a little recovered from his surprise.

“Could the generous Herman suspect his Ulric of treachery?”

“From this moment then, I may call thee my brother, my friend. Thou wilt no longer persecute oppressed innocence; thou wilt no longer shut thy ears to the voice of truth.”

“Did I ever shut them to it? No: the truth and thy innocence stood confessed to my sight. Thus a mortal terror seized me, when I saw thee adorned with every manly grace, asking my friendship, confiding in my honour with all thy native frankness, while, on the other hand, a,

“ voice within me whispered: ‘ the judges  
“ have condemned, and thou must kill him.’  
“ Incessantly was I pursued by thine image,  
“ now pale and bloody, then smiling and  
“ begging mercy of me . . . My heart was  
“ oppressed, my reason wavered: a thou-  
“ sand times was I tempted to kill myself  
“ alone; but I was compelled to act as I  
“ did.—Let us, however, forget what is  
“ past; the chains are broken; thou hast  
“ pardoned me; and we are friends for  
“ ever.”

The joy felt by Herman, at having gained a place in so noble a heart, increased as Ulric spoke; but his friend became silent all at once and thoughtful.

“ Leave me,” said he at length, “ I forgot, that, till night, till the free judges meet, I shall not be released from my oath; and that in the mean time our situation remains as before.”

Herman smiled at the extreme exactness of his brother-in-law, and left him in order to prepare for his journey, which the

count had so strongly recommended to him to hasten, and which was no otherwise disagreeable than as it bore the odious appellation of flight.

What passed in the secret tribunal, with respect to Ulric of Senden, in what manner he was dismissed from that great and mysterious society,\* which had extended its empire over half Europe, and how he was divested both of the will and the power of taking a part in its transactions for the future, remained concealed from Herman: and when afterwards, in their confidential moments, he put some questions on the subject to Ulric, Ulric looked at him with displeasure, and imposed silence on him.

\* The secrecy maintained in the society of the invisibles, says Moeser, went so far, that not only was the public ignorant of the cause of the death of a person executed by order of the secret tribunal, but even the emperor himself knew not what passed in that formidable court of judicature. It was not even permitted him to ask the names of those who were condemned by it; except that, if he mentioned any names, he was answered by a simple yes, or no.

The next day Herman found his friend infinitely more amiable. His behaviour was free and open; his air gay and jocund; and, if nothing were said respecting the society he had the preceding night abjured, there seemed no secret in his heart which he was not ready to disclose.

He spoke without reserve, not only of the love which he had felt for the charming Alicia, and which, alas! was not yet totally extinguished, but also of his singular marriage with Catherine. His adventures with the latter he recited in a manner too extensive to find a place here. Suffice it to say, that Catherine employed all possible means to obtain his love, and to eradicate from his heart the image of his former mistress, of whose name she was ignorant. Vexation, and a wish perhaps to avenge himself of the inexorable Alicia, had seconded her endeavours, and by solicitations and secret intrigues all other obstacles were removed.



In those days there was no considerable family, in which were not to be found one or more monks, who, under the title of confessors, meddled in all its affairs, amongst which ill-suited and unhappy marriages were not the least important. Hence no doubt came the proverb: *marriages are made in heaven*: for the monks always spoke in the name of the Lord, whenever, to serve their own ends, they thought proper to effect a union of this kind. Their address was far superior to that of our modern match-makers: and the persons whom it pleased these adepts to unite by indissoluble bonds could not escape their fate, whatever were the inconveniencies of the alliance.— On this occasion, father Boniface, Catherine's confessor, exerted his abilities; she became madam Senden; and the rest was left to providence.

The count of Unna, during the twelve-month that Catherine spent with him, had more than one occasion of observing her faults. His acquaintance with her disposi-

tion confirmed him in the opinion he had been accustomed to form of her family in general, and he consented to her marriage with the worthy Ulric with regret. Reader, thou canst form no conception of the authority, which, in those unhappy times, monks exercised over the best disposed minds.

The count of Unna may with justice be ranked among the most enlightened men of his age. We have heard his sentiments of the secret tribunal, which agree better with these times of general illumination, than with the ignorance of his own. Yet was he sufficiently susceptible of weaknesses and prejudices. Of this his invincible hatred towards the family of Unna, his cousins, is a proof. His obstinacy on this head was so great, that all Herman could say in favour of them was taken ill, and, had he persisted in defending them, he would have risked sharing the enmity of the count. Ulric was so convinced of this that he thought proper to warn him in private to desist.

“ You are not aware,” said he, one day,  
“ how dear the good understanding, that  
“ appears to reign between you and your  
“ family, had like to have cost you.—  
“ It was true, that I made your uncle  
“ change his resolution with regard to the  
“ reception he intended you; but in a  
“ way the reverse of that in which you un-  
“ stood it. The count, who, without know-  
“ ing you, had always loved you, because  
“ you were on bad terms with his cousins,  
“ whom he detested, fell into an extreme  
“ rage, when he heard, that you had gone  
“ to visit them, before you had waited upon  
“ him, and that they were reconciled to  
“ you, and had treated you with kindness.  
“ I had great difficulty to remove the preju-  
“ dice he had, on this account, conceived  
“ against you: and to prevent his sending  
“ you away, as was his determination, with-  
“ out seeing you.”

Herman learnt from this discourse the  
fresh obligations he lay under to Ulric: but  
he sighed to think, that the best characters  
had their faults; and conceived, that, in the

end, he should find it difficult to accommodate himself to the littlenesses of his uncle, which made him look forwards with a sort of pleasure to the day of his departure.

The chevalier had expressed a desire to repair to Venice, to join the knights of the Teutonic Order, who were then making a campaign against the Turks; and the old count had opposed it only from the fear, that he would there meet and form an intimacy with his brother John. Herman knew, that his brother, who was spoken of as an amiable young man, had entered into that order; and he could not avoid owning to himself, that the desire of meeting him was his principal motive for wishing to see Venice; but the prudent Ulric advised him not to disclose this motive to the count; and by observing this precaution, he at length obtained his uncle's consent; and was presented by him with an equipage more splendid perhaps than any lord of Unna had ever possessed.

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CHAPTER V.

WELL disposed as was the count of Unna towards his nephew, his office obliged him to act with secrecy, Herman, as yet, not having obtained a repeal of the sentence pronounced against him by the secret tribunal. The sword of the invisibles still remained suspended over his head, and circumstances might occur, in which his uncle, with all his power, would be unable to succour him.

Both the count and Ulric must have been aware of these dangers, for the preparations for our hero's departure were urged with the utmost speed, and Senden could with difficulty consent to suffer him to depart alone.

Herman reminded him of his children, who, during his absence, would be left to the sole care of a mother, little qualified to have the charge of their education; and stated to him, that, being alone, his flight

would be more easily accomplished. Ulric yielded to these arguments, embraced his friend, and took leave. The equipage and attendants given him by his uncle had, for the greater safety, been sent before to the place of their destination.

Hitherto Herman had not been accustomed to flight; and, forgetting that his journey was in reality of that description, he travelled with as much confidence as if he had nothing to fear. His sole precaution was to choose a disguise, by means of which he might appear without being known in the midst of his pursuers, and take the road dictated by his heart.

What this road was may be easily guessed. Love and friendship called him to Nuremberg, where he knew duke Albert still resided, and where he conjectured Ida might also be. He was ignorant of what had happened to the princess since his departure; he was ignorant, that the step she had taken to save him, that the audacity with which she had ventured to pry



into the secrets of the terrible unknown judges, had been attended with the most melancholy consequences to her and her father; and had soon constrained her to fly, in order to escape the vengeance of her enemies.

Herman was well acquainted with all the windings of duke Albert's house.—The first thing he did, therefore, on entering a city where he hoped to find all that was most dear to him, was to repair to the duke's, and make his appearance, when least expected, and before his gentlemen in waiting, a species of animals less numerous then than now, had time to announce him.

The disguise of Herman did not long impose on his friend. Soon he folded him in his arms, exclaiming, "Herman! my dear, my unhappy Herman!"

"Why unhappy? Am I not with my prince? Shall I not see my Ida, or at least hear news of her? Are not my prospects brightening? . . . Ah, my

“lord! how much am I indebted to you,  
“for sending me to my respectable relation!  
“What has he not done for me! what has  
“he not promised me hereafter! That I  
“shall become his son, if my innocence,  
“which he considers as already proved,  
“be publicly acknowledged. What flat-  
“tering hopes for my love! . . . . Do  
“you think the count of Wirtemberg  
“will refuse his daughter to the son of  
“his old friend the count of Unna?”

“Oh Herman! joy and hope mislead  
“thee. Thy imagination transports itself  
“to future scenes, and thou perceivest  
“not the abyss that yawns at thy feet.”

“The abyss! . . . . Ah! I understand  
“you. You mean to say, that I am not  
“in safety, that I must not remain here.  
“But, one day only, my dear prince, one  
“single day, to relate to you my felicity  
“city . . . . and . . . . and . . . . if it  
“be possible, to see Ida.”

“Ida! . . . . Where is she? . . . .  
“Do you then know? . . . . Alas! she

“has been obliged to fly. I gave her some  
“of my people to escort her, and to-day I  
“hear, that she parted from them, and  
“they arrived at Ratisbon without her.—  
“Ah! perhaps she is now in the hands of  
“her enemies! . . . . Perhaps she is no  
“more! . . . . Oh! Herman, Herman!  
“what shall we do to save her, if to save  
“her it be not already too late?”

The duke's anxiety was scarcely short of the despair which seized Herman on his hearing so unexpectedly this dreadful news.

When, however, they were a little calm, it was resolved, that Herman should immediately repair to Ratisbon, there to collect further information, and act as circumstances should dictate. Duke Albert briefly related what Ida and her father had suffered during his absence, and our youth departed overwhelmed with affliction.

The report of the return of the cavaliers, who were to have escorted Ida to Hungary;

was confirmed, and Herman soon learnt the motive that detained them at Ratisbon.— He heard, too, what prevented them from returning to give an account themselves of what had happened to them, and to the princess entrusted to their charge. That the reader may be duly informed of it, we shall here insert part of the relation given to Herman, by the commander of the party.

“ The princess,” said he, “ whom we  
“ were directed to escort, is, in some mea-  
“ sure, the occasion of her own misfortune.  
“ She did not think proper to take the road,  
“ which we had been directed to pursue;  
“ and things turned out as they generally do  
“ when women pretend to be wiser than  
“ their advisers. When we arrived on the  
“ frontiers of Austria, we learnt that Win-  
“ ceslaus had escaped from prison, and that  
“ the Bohemians appeared desirous of rein-  
“ stating him on the throne. Farther re-  
“ ports confirmed this intelligence. It was  
“ said, that Wincseslaus and his wife had al-  
“ ready made their entry into Prague, and

“ had received anew the oaths of their sub-  
“ jects, and that this happy event was cele-  
“ brated throughout the country with joy  
“ and feasting. You know the invincible  
“ attractions scenes of this nature have for  
“ women. The princess instantly altered the  
“ whole plan of our journey; and old  
“ Cunegunda, who attended her, confirmed  
“ her in her whim. They would not listen  
“ to our intreaties, and we took with them  
“ the road to Prague.”

Herman was at no loss to imagine, that it was not the desire of pleasure, but that of seeing her parents by adoption, and her dear Sophia, that had attracted Ida to the capital of Bohemia. The narrator continued:

“ We arrived at Prague. The princess  
“ lived retired, and it was easy for us to  
“ watch over her safety. At first, she sel-  
“ dom went out of her house, which was  
“ that of an humble citizen. She did not  
“ go to court, but contented herself with

“informing the queen of her arrival, by  
“whom she was visited. We soon per-  
“ceived, that the riotous festivity of the  
“place, had less attraction for her than the  
“friendship of the empress. Ida and  
“Sophia frequently went out together to  
“the new church of Saint Matthias, or the  
“convent of Bethlehem.\* Sophia’s mis-  
“fortunes appear to have rendered her de-  
“vout, and our princess willingly followed  
“her example. Their religious practices,  
“however, could not have been perfectly  
“conformable to the true faith, for they ex-  
“cited the attention of the archbishop Su-  
“binko, and we had reason to believe, that  
“snares were laid by the priests for the prin-  
“cess of Wirtemberg, whom they began to  
“consider as the seductress of the queen.  
“All our caution could not prevent her from  
“falling into the hands of her persecutors,  
“one day when she accompanied Sophia in

\* The church of St. Matthias, or St. Matthew, bore also the name of Bethlehem: there remain few traces of any convent of that name.



“ one of her usual walks, during which we  
“ were forbidden to attend her. The pains  
“ we have since taken, to discover the place  
“ where she is confined, have been useless.  
“ Three days after the event happened, I  
“ was sent for by the queen: ‘ Console  
“ yourself,’ said she to me, ‘ and read with  
“ attention, this letter I have just received.  
“ Preserve it carefully; it will put you in  
“ mind of what your mistress requires of  
“ you.”

At these words, the captain took from his pocket a letter, which Herman perceived was written by the hand of Ida. He kissed it, and read as follows:

“ Have no apprehensions, my august  
“ sovereign, for your Ida; she is out of  
“ danger. The only misfortune that has  
“ happened to me is, the being conveyed  
“ to a convent in Hungary: but my safety,  
“ and the interests of duke Albert, required  
“ me to visit that country, and my per-  
“ secutors are themselves obliged to assist

“ me in repairing to a place whither my  
“ destiny had before called me.

“ I pray you to dismiss my escort, and  
“ direct them to repair with speed to Ratis-  
“ bon. I have just learnt, by singular ac-  
“ cident, that one of the persons most dear  
“ to me in the world, is in a situation to re-  
“ quire assistance. It is, perhaps, my fa-  
“ ther. It may be Herman . . . . It is ne-  
“ cessary, that the cavaliers remain some  
“ days in the city I have mentioned, and  
“ endeavour, by strict inquiry, to discover  
“ what I can only hint to you obscurely.

“ O Sophia! Sophia! When and where  
“ shall we meet again?”

“ And what have you done,” said Her-  
man eagerly, “ in obedience to the prin-  
“ cess’s orders :”

“ Nothing,” said the captain, with a  
smile, “ but wait here for the event an-  
“ nounced, which, no doubt, must present  
“ itself; for we have not penetration enough  
“ to inquire after things of which we have  
“ no idea.”

The love of knights for their mistresses was, in those days, of so exalted a nature, that they considered the least indications of their will as laws. A pretended dream of the lovely Ida, had formerly, as we have seen, sufficient power over Herman, whose motto was, *innocence never flies*, to induce him to retire from his enemies. Remembering this, can we be surprised, that the mysterious words contained in her letter, should put in motion all the faculties of his mind, to discover and execute her behest. His presence roused the negligent cavaliers into activity; and, before the day was at an end, the prophecy, or presentiment, of the princess of Wirtemberg, who had pointed out Ratisbon as the place where one of her dearest friends was suffering, was verified, in the same manner as the dream, which had announced the condemnation of Herman by the secret tribunal.

Ida's father had quitted Nuremberg, as we have seen, to conceal himself awhile, and take refuge in Italy. He did not sufficiently

divest himself of the appearance of rank, and his secret enemies were too numerous for him to arrive, without danger, at the place he had chosen for his retreat.

It was not improbable, that, had he remained longer at Nuremberg, he would have been elected emperor in preference to all his competitors. To these, therefore, it was of importance, not only to drive him from thence, but to prevent his return, till the choice had fallen on some other prince. The name of the competitor, who was most active in this business, has never transpired; but certain it is, that the scheme succeeded; count Everard had been attacked on his route and was actually a prisoner at Ratisbon.

The imperial cities, having long been the declared enemies of the count of Wirtemberg, readily seconded the ill-designs of his enemies. Each, on this occasion, would have wished to have acted the principal part; and the proud citizens of Ratisbon rejoiced, that fortune had so favoured

them, as to place in their hands their ancient and most inveterate enemy. The event was the more pleasing to them, as it was sure to deprive him of all hopes of the imperial crown.

The people of Ratisbon confided so much in their own strength, and the powerful assistance promised them, that they made no secret of his captivity. We will not venture to decide, whether, when the knight of fidelity heard of the misfortune of the count, it afforded him greater pain or pleasure; but his deliverance appeared to him a matter as certain as that he was imprisoned; and what a delightful idea, to restore to liberty the father of Ida!

As fortune appears sometimes to have exposed a female to the danger of perishing by fire, or by water, merely to afford her lover an opportunity of saving her, and of thus obtaining her assent to his happiness; might it not, in like manner, have permitted the captivity of a rigid father, that, recovering his liberty by means of the lover

of his daughter, his gratitude might soften him, and determine him in favour of his deliverer. This, at least, Herman believed as firmly as the gospel. He accordingly invented a thousand stratagems to attain his end. Though he succeeded in none of them, he did not despair. Time passed away. The imperial crown had been placed on the head of Robert count Palatine, and count Everard was no longer thought of. At length fortune smiled for a moment on the brave Herman, and the father of Ida found himself at liberty in his arms.

The count of Wirtemberg thanked our knight with great emotion, and gave him the pleasing appellation of son; an expression to which Herman probably affixed a meaning, that the count by no means intended it should convey. Meanwhile he did not conceal from him, that his liberation would have been infinitely more pleasing, had it been effected earlier: "for," said he, "no-  
" thing can now be done for me, till Ger-



“many becomes again dissatisfied with its master; a period that I shall probably not live to see.”

Herman, who had no great desire of seeing Ida, the daughter of an emperor, made no answer to this reflection. He secretly wished long life to the emperor Robert; and that, on his death, his crown might descend to Sigismond. Meanwhile, count Everard sorrowfully prepared anew for his journey to Italy, and did not seem to be averse to the knight of fidelity accompanying him. The interest Herman had taken in his deliverance, the favour he was in with the count of Unna, the hope that he would, in all probability, be soon justified, and, above all, the total disappointment of his ambitious schemes, made the count feel less repugnance to the lover of his daughter than formerly, and consider it sometimes as a thing not impossible, that he might become his son-in-law.

What happiness for our young hero, when, occasionally, a word, or a look, gave

him reason to suspect, that the count entertained such a thought! Thus he joyously took his way to Italy, and the cavaliers of duke Albert, of whom there was no longer need, were dismissed, and returned to their master.

Herman, enchanted, had now scarcely any anxiety but for Ida: and what chiefly consoled him was, his imagining himself under the protection of some benevolent power, who destined him to become, at the appointed time, the most fortunate of husbands.

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE relation of the chief of duke Albert's people was true; but it did not comprize some circumstances of which he was ignorant, and which we shall now impart to the reader.

The report of a happy change in the fortune of Sophia having reached the ears of Ida on the confines of Austria, the desire of participating the joy of her beloved friend induced the princess to change the road marked out for good reasons, by duke Albert, and to take that which led to Prague.

She alighted at the house, which she still with pleasure called the dwelling of her father. What pen can describe the rapture her presence occasioned? The good dame Munster thought she should die with joy at seeing again her Ida, now princess of Wirtemberg, yet as affectionate, as fond, and as dutiful as ever.

“Where is my father?” cried the princess, when the excess of her joy would permit her to speak.

Mrs. Munster without having the least doubt respecting whom she meant, went out to send for her husband, who was then superintending the erection of the grand altar of the church of St. Matthias.—She directed the servant not to tell him by whom he was wanted, and then hastened to join Ida, from whom she was not absent a moment without regret.

They were sitting side by side, the hand of Maria resting on the knee of her daughter, who held it closely locked in her own, while the other hand of Ida’s was passed round her mother’s neck; her eyes, in which were painted inexpressible affection, were fixed earnestly on her’s; they spoke little, but tears and looks supplied the place of conversation. Such was the affecting picture that presented itself when Munster entered.

Ida immediately arose to embrace him. The scene of mute tenderness was renewed: and it was not till after a considerable interval that there at length took place between these happy mortals a conversation, the subject of which the reader will easily conceive, if he has been whole years separated from the object he loves, and has experienced, during the separation, various vicissitudes of good and ill: he will easily conceive, that each wishes at once to lay before the other all that has happened to him; to relate his prosperous and adverse fortune; and recite the minutest circumstances he has found interesting.

The desire of seeing honest Munster and his wife was, perhaps, the chief motive, that had induced Ida to visit Prague, though not the only one. Sophia was also an inducement; but how could she appear before her? The situation of our heroine did not permit her to shew herself publicly at court. Munster, whom the queen knew and esteemed, took upon him to ac-

quaint her with the arrival of the princess of Wirtemberg, and to inform her of the precautions it was necessary to employ. To these Sophia shewed the utmost readiness to conform, and declared, that, the better to conceal her friend's abode at Prague, she would see her only at his house, whither she would repair that very evening, accompanied by one of her ladies.

The gentle and humane disposition of Sophia was even meliorated by misfortune. Her sufferings had destroyed in her every sentiment of pride. She had received too good a lesson on the precariousness of sublunary things not to despise the wretched ceremonials attached to her rank. She deemed it no degradation, therefore, to visit the abode of a simple citizen. Friendship led her to the house of Munster, as benevolence and generosity had already frequently led her to visit still more humble dwellings. Ida threw herself into the arms of Sophia. Tears of joy flowed down the cheeks of each; all distinctions



of rank were forgotten: so strongly did the queen feel the happiness of pressing to her bosom a true friend, that she would probably have given the same loose to her feelings, had the object been the plebeian Ida Munster, instead of the princess of Wirtemberg.

The two friends reciprocally opened their hearts to each other. Sophia related the long tale of her misfortunes, and concluded it with the sorrowful observation, that her husband, the author of so many ills, of which he had himself been the victim, was still not much amended; and that as to herself the sole advantage she had derived from the chagrins which she had participated with him, was to be a little more beloved, and a little more respected by him, than at the beginning of her marriage. Indeed it would have proved Wenceslaus to have been a monster, had the faithful companion of his sorrow, his friend, his comforter, not excited in him at least some slight feelings of gratitude.

Sophia was said to have been rendered a devotee by misfortune. She was pious, it is true, but not what is properly called a devotee. It was at this period that John Huss began to propagate his doctrines.—His eloquence, and the strictness of his conduct, procured him a great number of followers. The lax morals of the priests of those days, and the virulence with which they persecuted him, contributed also to his success. The queen was among the number of those who were seduced by the apparent sanctity and rectitude of this new teacher. She took delight in hearing him. She dared not at first indulge her inclination as much as she wished, because the archbishop watched all her steps; but her secret connexion with Ida led her, under the veil of secrecy, insensibly to take more liberty than before.

Indifferently dressed, and often on foot and without any attendant, the queen went frequently to visit her friend, who accompanied her to the church of Matthias.—

Sophia, in spite of her disguise, still preserved an air of dignity, that betrayed her; and the good citizens' wives were delighted to find that their queen thus mingled with them, and shared their devotions.

The doctrines of Huss made singular progress among the women. A great many ladies of the first rank prided themselves in attending his sermons, divested of their ornaments and clad in all the simplicity of the primitive christians.

The band of Munster had executed a master-piece of sculpture, which decorated the church where Huss delivered his doctrine; but, placed in a private chapel, it was seen only a by few. Different groups of statues, that did honour to the skilful and learned artist, represented, on one side the divine founder of the christian religion, with his humble disciples, in their genuine simplicity: and on the other, the pope of Rome, in all the vain and ostentatious pomp of royalty, attended by his cardinals. Ida requested her father to shew this per-

formance to the queen. Sophia was delighted at seeing before her eyes the exact representation of what Huss had often so boldly depicted in his sermons; and employed an able painter to copy it in miniature. This picture was placed in the queen's oratory.

Huss continued to thunder against the manners of the ecclesiastics of his day. — He frequently alluded to the fine sculpture of Munster; thousands came to see it; many followed the example of Sophia, and procured copies of it, which were publicly displayed in their houses, in testimony of the truth of the reformer's doctrine. The priests, inflamed with rage, fixed their eyes on the queen, whom they charged with being the instigator of these disorders; but, placed in too elevated a station for them to wreak their vengeance on her, they accused Ida of having seduced her, and, as the person dearest to Sophia, they determined to vent on her all the fury of their wrath.

Huss was attacked more openly. The affair was examined into in due form, a proceeding which brought considerable presents to Winceslaus, whose corruptibility was well known. Nor was he ungrateful. Considering Huss\* as the first cause of this new source of wealth, which poured into his treasury he appointed him his confessor. The two handsome heretics, Ida and Sophia, became more bold; but the security they felt proved fatal to Ida, occasioning her to fall into the hands of Subinko, before she suspected herself to be in the least danger.

She was one day returning home, deeply meditating on a private conversation she had just had with Huss, which totally absorbed all her faculties. Undoubtedly Huss was no prophet; but the great influence he possessed in various places, and the number of his adherents throughout

\* "What a fine goose," was his saying, "that lays me so many golden eggs!"

Germany, procured him the knowledge of things with which others were unacquainted. He had been informed of the misfortune of count Everard; he was not ignorant, that Ida was his daughter; and he had that evening warned her to think of succouring the person in the world most dear to her, who was then at Ratisbon in the hands of his enemies. Huss thought he had spoke with sufficient clearness; he was not aware, that, to a lovely young damsel, there might be another person as dear to her as her father, and that his mode of expression was precisely calculated to leave her in doubt.

In effect, Ida determined next day to ask a more direct explanation from the holy man; and she was walking slowly, and without fear, to the house of Munster, when she saw a number of armed men, who intercepted her passage. She perceived presently that she was the object of their pursuit: she cried for help; but it was too late. The young princess was conducted before the archbishop, who severely



reproached her with heresy, and condemned her to be confined in a convent in Hungary; a sentence which she heard with little emotion. She felt nothing but anxiety for her friends; an anxiety which considerably increased, when she reflected, that it would now be impossible for her to do any thing to save him, of whose danger she had been informed.

Meanwhile the goodness of her heart, inspired her with a stratagem surely excusable under such circumstances. She corrupted one of her guards, by means of a valuable ring, to deliver to Sophia the letter we have mentioned above, which eventually afforded Herman an opportunity of liberating her father. She hoped, what actually happened, that her commission would be executed; and she departed for the place of her destination, with so much the greater pleasure as it was that to which she would shortly have repaired of her own accord.

Ida felt no apprehension, that she was to remain eternally confined in the convent to which she was conducted ; conceiving it impossible, that a punishment so severe should be inflicted on a person who had committed no crime. She reckoned, too, on the enjoyment of a certain degree of liberty in her destined abode ; and the possibility of executing the commission, with which she was charged by duke Albert, as effectually as if she had arrived there under the protection of that prince. At all events, she was certain of one thing at least, namely, that she should be secure from the pursuits of the secret tribunal, which of all things in the world was what she most dreaded.

It may not be superfluous to acquaint the reader before we proceed, with the commission which duke Albert had entrusted to our heroine on her departure from Nuremberg. The duke had received from Herman, some traces of queen Mary of Hungary, first wife of Sigismond, being still alive, who had long been supposed

to be dead; and the principal business of the princess of Wirtemberg was to inform Elizabeth of this circumstance, and endeavour to find out the convent in which her mother was confined. He had laid down a plan for her to pursue in this research, which we have already observed, was attended with difficulties: she was, therefore, disposed to act as chance should point out, or circumstances require. Besides, she thought it cruel to tell an unhappy daughter, that her mother was living, before she was certain of the fact; and thus inspire a mind of sensibility with anxious doubts respecting the fate of her to whom she was indebted for existence, without being able to give her any consolation. Ida well knew the solicitude of filial affection; and this motive, united with others, made her rejoice that she did not visit Hungary in the manner she had at first intended.

When the archbishop had pronounced her sentence, Ida asked permission to change her convent, if she found herself

not pleased with that appointed for her retreat; which he readily granted, as he knew he could revoke the permission at pleasure. Such was the foundation on which she had erected her hopes. She trusted she should thus have it in her power to visit a variety of convents, without her design being suspected, and without her being exposed to any charge, but that of fickleness of disposition. If by these means she could discover the person she sought, she proposed to acquaint Elizabeth with her mother's existence, and the place of her retreat: duke Albert and his future bride, were then to come to liberate the queen, and of her who had discovered the place of her detention; and thus all was to end happily.

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## CHAPTER VII.

DURING a tedious journey, Ida had sufficient leisure to form projects, and feast herself with hopes, which however began to droop the first day of her arrival at the convent of St. Anne.

This convent was placed in a situation to which nature had been by no means kind. The lofty mountains, covered with thick forests of gloomy pines, with which it was surrounded, could cherish no sentiments but those of grief and melancholy. The deep and narrow valley, from the bottom of which rose the walls of the monastery, precluded all extent of view, and the heart seemed to shrink from the sad sterility that every where presented itself to the eye.—Hence discontent and rancour sat brooding in every countenance; and wearisomeness and disgust pervaded equally the parlour

and the chapel, the gallery and the garden, the cell and the hall of recreation.

Ida imagined herself in a few days perfectly acquainted with every inhabitant of this mournful abode; and was convinced, that here she should not find her of whom she was in search. The discovery would have driven her at once from her melancholy asylum, had she not thought it decorous to stay at least a few weeks, in a place where she was treated with the greatest respect, and where she had no cause of complaint, but the tedium of her situation, a feeling which she shared in common with every nun.

The time which the prudent Ida thought proper to remain in this convent passed away, without her being able to find a single person in whom she could place sufficient confidence to open her heart. It was even impossible for her to obtain any satisfactory account of the neighbouring convents; which would have been of some advantage to her in directing her choice, when she



should make known her desire of changing her situation. All the intelligence she could obtain, was, that near them was a convent dedicated to St. Nicholas, which was, in a manner, dependant on that of St. Anne, and the patron of which was obliged annually to visit his superior saint.

The time of this ceremony was near.— When the day arrived, the journeying saint appeared, attended by an escort of plump and fair damsels, who were sufficient contrasts to those to whom they were forced to pay homage. Their reception was by no means cordial. Whilst the two abbesses, with the ancient matrons, held a chapter, the young nuns of St. Anne's formed themselves into parties from which they were so unpolite as to exclude those of St. Nicholas.

Ida, however, joined a party of the nuns of St. Nicholas. These young women pleased her much better than her present hosts, and she determined to take their convent for her next residence. The nuns,

who penetrated her intention, and considered her as no insignificant acquisition, boasted of it, as a place which had always been an asylum for ladies of distinction. At present, it was the abode of a princess Gara, who was formerly mistress of the household to queen Elizabeth of Hungary.

The nuns of St. Nicholas departed with their saint, and soon after, Ida declared her intention of residing at their convent. But she soon found the execution of her projects less easy than she had imagined.—Numberless difficulties were started, and at last she was obliged to wait till the abbess had written to Prague for the assent of the archbishop Subinko.

His answer was long in coming, but at length it arrived, and contained the desired permission. Ida found the adieus of the pious sisters sufficiently cold, which rendered her reception at St. Nicholas the more agreeable.

Soon after her arrival, Ida introduced herself to the princess Gara. Her name

was sufficient to ensure her a favourable reception from that lady, who in her youth had been intimate with her mother. Ida revived in the princess's mind a thousand pleasing recollections; her name, her figure, her person, recalled those of Ida of Dortmund, and these remembrances laid the foundation of a tender friendship, as far indeed as friendship could subsist between persons of so disproportionate an age.

The princess Rose Gara was a living chronicle of ancient times. She was never weary of talking over the events that had happened at the beginning of the reign of the princes now living, almost all of whom she personally knew. Ida's chief object in courting her acquaintance was to get information respecting the queen of Hungary, but this seemed to be the only point on which she chose not to be communicative.

Ida would probably never have succeeded in her attempt, but for a circumstance which threatened totally to exclude her

from the confidence of the princess. Experiencing from her on a sudden, extreme coldness, she could not avoid urging her to an explanation. "Read this, and judge," said the old lady, putting into her hand a letter she had just received. Ida read as follows :

"My dear princess, the reports of Albert's infidelity are confirmed. How justly did you warn me to beware of the fate of my unhappy mother! You already know, that Albert has appeared for some months to have forgotten me; that a fair enchantress had gained his heart, and driven me from its possession. Now learn her name. It is Ida, the celebrated Ida of Wirtemberg, who, condemned by the secret tribunal, was protected at Nuremberg by Albert, and is now sent by him into Hungary, with a strong escort, there to await a change in her situation, heaven knows in what manner.

"I am indebted for this discovery to the person who gave me the first infor-

“ mation, my intimate friend, the daughter  
“ of the princess of Ratibor. She too, lost  
“ a lover by the artifice of that seductress.  
“ Grief and despair have driven her to this  
“ convent, which I fear will be also my last  
“ asylum.

“ I wish to know more of my enemy.—  
“ Imago’s mother has promised me further  
“ accounts, and even the name of the place  
“ to which Ida is conducted. The prin-  
“ cess of Ratibor has an extensive acquaint-  
“ ance, and great interest: she knows al-  
“ most every thing that passes throughout  
“ the empire of Germany, and her infor-  
“ mation may be depended on.

“ Malicious Ida! what have I done to  
“ thee, that thou shouldst deprive me of  
“ the affections of Albert? . . . . She is be-  
“ sides an heretic! . . . . She remains at  
“ present concealed at Prague; the queen  
“ visits her in secret; but the princess of  
“ Ratibor is endeavouring to separate them,  
“ and for that purpose means to draw on



"the odious Ida the attention of the arch-  
 bishop. We shall see where this will  
 end."

"My news from Prague is already old;  
 sickness and sorrow prevented my com-  
 municating it earlier."

"ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY."

It is possible that Ida's looks, on read-  
 ing such an unexpected accusation, would  
 have confirmed the suspicions of a person  
 less sagacious than the princess Gara, but  
 she had patience enough to wait for her an-  
 swer, and then judge with impartiality.

Animated with the wish to remove this  
 injurious imputation, Ida ingenuously re-  
 cited the history of her acquaintance with  
 the duke; his friendship for her, and the  
 commission with which she was charged by  
 him. When she had finished, she ran to  
 her chamber for the letter Albert had given  
 her for Elizabeth, and which luckily she had  
 in her pocket when she was carried off.

The princess read it! Ida could not  
 have produced a stronger proof of her in-



nocence. Every line spoke love to her to whom it was addressed, to the bearer nothing but friendship. It contained a circumstantial account of what Albert hoped to effectuate in Hungary by the assistance of Ida; the news of the existence of queen Mary; and schemes for discovering the place of her retreat; and concluded with a request to Elizabeth to protect their common friend, the princess of Wirtemberg, and deliver her into the hands of no one but Herman of Unna.

The princess Gara was convinced. She embraced Ida, made an apology for her conduct, and begged leave to send the letter of duke Albert to Elizabeth, in order to dispel her apprehensions and justify her supposed rival in her affections.

Ida readily complied, as she had now lost all desire of delivering the letter herself. "This gentle, innocent, angelic princess," said she to herself, "is, however, prone to jealousy and injustice. This mind, described to me as so elevated and sensible,

" is subject to error, and disposed to listen  
 " to the insinuations of malice. Poor Al-  
 " bert! Heaven grant thy union with her  
 " may be happy!"

Ida was wrong. In similar circum-  
 stances, she would have been guilty of the  
 same faults with which she reproached Eli-  
 zabeth, who was in reality good and amia-  
 ble. She had forgotten, that she had her-  
 self been once intimate with the perfidious  
 Imago, who was now poisoning the mind of  
 the daughter of Mary.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

FROM the preceding event the intimacy between Ida and the princess Gara increased. Ida had no secrets for her respectable friend; and the princess, finding her questions were not prompted by idle curiosity, readily consented to satisfy her respecting the early part of the history of queen Mary, of whose existence, however, she still continued to entertain doubts.

“It is not without mingled sentiments  
“of pleasure and regret,” said she, “that  
“I recall to mind the first years of my  
“youth, spent within these walls, which  
“now afford a retreat to my old age. Eliza-  
“beth, queen of Hungary, who seldom  
“quitted her husband, and who thought it  
“dangerous to habituate her daughter Mary  
“too early to the bustle of a court, chose  
“this convent for the place of her educa-  
“tion, and entrusted to me the care of her  
“infancy. I was then of a proper age to

“ become the governess of a child, to whom  
“ instruction ought to be playfully convey-  
“ ed, not administered with the ordinary se-  
“ verity of school discipline. I had been  
“ six months married, having espoused  
“ prince Stephen Gara, to whom my hand  
“ was given merely that I might one day be-  
“ come mistress of the royal household.—  
“ The old gentleman was obliged by his  
“ place to attend constantly at court; and  
“ his young wife regretted not in her pleas-  
“ ing retirement the honour of figuring by  
“ his side.

“ Mary had few attendants; indeed  
“ none beside myself, Ida of Dortmund;  
“ your mother, and little Barbe of Tirnan.  
“ From her infancy she gave no promise of  
“ beauty; though, as she grew up, a fine  
“ shape and dignified air in some measure  
“ supplied its place. Barbe was much  
“ handsomer; and I own, I disliked her  
“ for this advantage over my princess. Bet-  
“ ter informed too, and more lively, she  
“ had a thousand little talents that Mary

“could never attain. I would gladly have  
“separated them; and, had I succeeded, I  
“should probably have spared my pupil  
“many misfortunes, and her companion a  
“multitude of crimes.

“Mary was the only child of king  
“Lewis, and consequently heiress to the  
“throne, and it was thought proper to  
“strengthen her right by a powerful alliance.  
“With this view she was betrothed, at the  
“age of nine years, to Sigismund, second  
“son of the emperor Charles IV. and only  
“a year or two older than herself.

“Sigismund came to visit his future  
“bride. From his youth and rank he could  
“not be denied free admission into the  
“convent. Unfortunately he there saw  
“Barbe also, and, though so young, could  
“not avoid being extremely pleased with  
“her. This I observed, and took care she  
“should be removed from his sight.

“Sigismund came often to see us. He  
“was now no longer a child; he knew how  
“it became him to behave to her, who



“ was one day to place the crown of Hun-  
“ on his head; and the princess, who be-  
“ gan to love him, easily believed all he  
“ said.

“ I saw however, his attentions in a  
“ truer light; and I frequently assured  
“ Mary it was not her he loved, but the  
“ heiress of the Hungarian throne. ‘ Let  
“ us put him to the test,’ said she, ‘ and  
“ we shall see.’

“ The king frequently visited his daughter,  
“ of whom he was so fond he could refuse  
“ her nothing. Availing herself of the  
“ power she had over him, she requested a  
“ favour, which evinced less prudence than  
“ predilection for Sigismond, and which the  
“ king would unquestionably have refused,  
“ had he not been blinded by paternal  
“ affection.

“ Her request was, that her father would  
“ adopt Sigismond, and acknowledge him  
“ for his successor. ‘ I will not be loved  
“ by him,’ said she, ‘ for the sake of a  
“ crown. I would rather owe it to him,



“than place it on his head. I believe that  
“he loves me; but I would have others  
“believe so too, I would have it said that,  
“it is Mary, not the heiress of Hungary,  
“that he courts.”

“The king smiled, consented, and we  
“soon heard that he had adopted Sigis-  
“mond. The princess was delighted with  
“the pleasure she had procured her lover.  
“She expected a speedy visit from him,  
“and the warmest thanks. Yet Sigismond  
“came not; but contented himself with  
“sending a letter, which was a political  
“chef-d’œuvre.

“Mary was enchanted with it; but I  
“desired her to notice the name of sister,  
“which was foisted into almost every line.  
“I could not, however, make her imbibe  
“my suspicions, though they were soon  
“too plainly verified.

“Barbe was now maid of honour to  
“queen Elizabeth, and her ripened charms  
“revived the inclination she had formerly  
“excited in young Sigismond. This was

“ soon no secret, and the queen immedi-  
“ ately, though too late, sent for her  
“ daughter to court, to repair the ill that  
“ had been done in her absence.

“ The report of Mary's coming was  
“ soon spread. Sigismond, finding his in-  
“ trigue with Barbe was remarked, and  
“ that he should now be under some re-  
“ straint, pretended urgent business in Po-  
“ land; and when Mary appeared in the  
“ capital, she was met with joy by every  
“ one, except by him for whom alone she  
“ cared.

“ The loyal Hungarians celebrated the  
“ arrival of their princess with enthusiasm,  
“ and intreated the old king to have her  
“ crowned whilst he was living, that no  
“ one might dispute the throne with her  
“ after his death.

“ The law which declared Sigismond  
“ heir to the crown was not irrevocable.  
“ The voice of the people, and the intrea-  
“ ties of the queen, to which mine were

“ added, prevailed, and Mary was proclaimed queen of Hungary.

“ Sigismond was one of the first to congratulate her. He even returned from Poland to perform this duty in person. Mary was no longer styled sister: he was now not her brother, but her lover, her future spouse. Had Mary followed my advice, she would have dismissed him as he deserved. But who does not know the weakness of love? She took care not to ascribe his return to the crown she had just obtained, and loved him more than ever.

“ Do you not perceive,” said she, “ that he is attached solely to me? Is there a single lady of the court who can obtain so much as a smile from him?”

“ Mary was right. Sigismond appeared to have no eyes but for her; for Barbe was not present. This woman had heard that the beauties of Poland had cured him of his passion for her.

“ and believing this, she had consented, at  
“ the earnest solicitation of her family,  
“ and in order to retrieve her reputation,  
“ to an honourable marriage. The per-  
“ son destined for her husband, was John  
“ Herwott, governor of Croatan, upon one  
“ of whose estates she at this time actually  
“ lived as his betrothed wife.

“ Meanwhile Sigismond sought her  
“ every where. She was the only person  
“ for whom after numerous infidelities,  
“ he still retained an inclination. Her  
“ absence therefore was insupportable to  
“ him. At length hearing of her intended  
“ marriage, he became dejected, and find-  
“ ing it impossible to continue his dull  
“ court to Mary, he resolved on a second  
“ journey into Poland?

“ Lewis died, and Mary ascended the  
“ throne. She would certainly have been  
“ a good queen had she governed alone:  
“ but there is a proverb which says:  
“ where a woman reigns, men are sure to  
“ hold the sceptre. The Garas had the  
“ effective sway in the the time of the late

“king, and they maintained it under  
“Mary. Their oppressions provoked the  
“people to revolt; and Barbe prevailed  
“on John Herwott, to seize the queen  
“and her mother, and confine them in  
“his castle.

“With this I acquainted Sigismond,  
“whom the Garas had prevented from re-  
“turning from Poland. He released Mary:  
“but Elizabeth had already fallen a sacri-  
“fice to this diabolical conspiracy. Her-  
“wott fell in the conflict; and Barbe was  
“sufficiently artful, to pretend, that she  
“too was a prisoner there, and indebted  
“to Sigismond for her deliverance.

“Sigismond was sufficiently powerful  
“to quell the mal-contents, and re-esta-  
“blish Mary on the throne. She became  
“his wife; but from that time I never  
“saw a smile on her countenance. The  
“scenes that had passed in the castle of  
“Herwott were continually before her eyes,  
“and she was always repeating to herself  
“the name of her unfortunate mother.



“The grief which inwardly devoured her  
“destroyed the remains of her feeble at-  
“tractions. Sigismond, to whom spright-  
“liness and gaiety alone were pleasing,  
“used to call her, to his confidential  
“friends, *moping melancholy*, without reflect-  
“ing on the causes which had rendered  
“that title applicable to her.

“Barbe appeared at court. Mary suf-  
“fered it. It was necessary she should;  
“nor had she any objection; for she en-  
“tertained not of her those thoughts which  
“I concealed in my heart. Heaven for-  
“give me, if I impute to the wretch more  
“crimes than she committed!

“That the king’s intrigue with Barbe  
“might be the better concealed, a match  
“was made up for her with count Peter  
“Cyly, surnamed the Weak. But the  
“motive became too apparent; and the  
“sorrows to which the queen had long  
“been a prey, added to the vexation at  
“having so worthless a rival, induced her  
“to retire to a convent. She was at this



“time pregnant, and her health was so im-  
“paired, that apprehensions both for her  
“life and the child’s were entertained. I  
“accompanied her to this place, where it  
“was her wish to bring her infant into the  
“world, and die. It was my firm resolve  
“to be her only nurse, and to trust to no  
“one besides, but I was taken danger-  
“ously ill just as her delivery was daily  
“expected. The good nuns of St. Nicho-  
“las saved my life; and when I recovered  
“they did not conceal from me, that they  
“suspected I had ben poisoned. Possibly  
“they were right: the symptoms of my  
“disorder were terrible, and there were  
“certainly persons who felt no joy at my  
“recovery.

“My first care was to enquire after the  
“queen. They informed me that she was  
“dead; and this news had like to have  
“effected what sickness failed to accom-  
“plish. I asked the particulars. The  
“nuns could only tell me, that, on being  
“taken ill, the countess of Cyly had come

“ to supply my place, and that the queen  
“ was removed to another convent, where  
“ she was delivered of a daughter, whose  
“ birth cost her her life.

“ The child was the next object of my  
“ inquiry. Her mother, they told me,  
“ had desired, on her death bed, that she  
“ should be entrusted to my care; and the  
“ king had resolved to comply with this,  
“ her last request, in spite of the remon-  
“ strances of the countess of Cyly. In  
“ fact, I had soon the pleasure of folding  
“ in my arms this precious legacy of my  
“ unfortunate mistress. One of the nuns  
“ of St. Anne’s had been commissioned to  
“ deliver her to me with a letter, which I  
“ opened, and read as follows:

“ *I am dying my dear Gara: I have only time*  
“ *to give the loved name of Elizabeth to my child,*  
“ *and recommend her to your care. The nun who*  
“ *writes these few words for me will tell you more.”*

“ I frequently asked after this nun, but  
“ no one could tell me her name. The  
“ suspicion, that the death of Mary might

“ be a pretence of Barbe, induced me to  
“ make various researches, from which I  
“ desisted not for many years. They have  
“ ended in nothing; judge, then, my  
“ dear Ida, what may be expected from  
“ yours.”

“ And do you imagine,” said the princess of Wirtemberg, “ that your relation  
“ has convinced me of the queen’s death?  
“ . . . On the contrary my hopes are greater  
“ than ever.”

“ I know not, my child, on what you can  
“ found them. Elizabeth is now sixteen  
“ years old. Is it possible, that her mother  
“ could have found no means of acquaint-  
“ ing her with her situation in all that  
“ time? Consider, too, my fruitless re-  
“ searches: and remember, that Mary was,  
“ at a dangerous period, entirely in the  
“ hands of Barbe. Surely that remorseless  
“ woman would never suffer her rival to  
“ live, when so favourable an opportunity  
“ of getting rid of her presented itself.”

“ How then came she to spare the  
“ young princess, who was equally in her  
“ power?”

“ If Mary had been delivered of a son,  
“ no doubt Barbe would have taken care  
“ of him: but a daughter was, by no  
“ means an equal obstacle to her ambi-  
“ tious projects. Perhaps, too, Sigismond  
“ might have arrived earlier than he was  
“ expected; or Barbe might have thought  
“ of ingratiating herself with him, by act-  
“ ing as a mother to her, instead of me,  
“ whom she must have supposed dead.”

“ It is difficult to form any judgment  
“ on a business so involved in obscurity,”  
said Ida, with a pensive air; “ time, how-  
“ ever, may yet clear it up.”

The princess Gara was silent. But,  
presently, to satisfy Ida, she gave her a  
more particular account of the infancy of  
Elizabeth.

The young princess, to whom, in con-  
formity to her dying mother's request, she  
was to supply the place of a parent, was

left in her charge but a few years. At an early period she was called to court, to be betrothed to the young Albert of Austria: as Sigismond found such a support necessary to prop his shaking credit. After Mary's death, the hearts of his subjects were greatly alineated from him. Barbe was obliged to quit the court, and retire to her husband's country seat. The king went to make a campaign against the Turks; and in the mean time sent his daughter to Klausenburg, Barbe having instilled into his mind suspicions concerning the princess Gara and the nuns of St. Nicholas.

The return of the king; his imprisonment; his amour with the princess Helen, at the castle of Soclos; his adventures at Cyly; and many other events, of which we have already given an account, succeeded, and were crowned by his marriage with Barbe, who thus became the step-mother of Elizabeth.

This union was fatal to the daughter of Mary. She was closely confined at Klau-



senburg; her hopes founded on duke Albert diminished; her heart became a prey to jealousy; and her mind was filled with a thousand disagreeable reflections. In fact, Albert had written to her less frequently, on account of the diet at Nuremberg, and perhaps too, because his attention had been much occupied by his friendship for Ida. The princess of Ratibor, whom some malevolent genius had conducted to Klausenburg, and thus brought acquainted with Elizabeth, had framed, with her mother's assistance, the calumny which Ida had so sensibly felt, and which had nearly deprived her of the friendship of the princess Gara.



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## CHAPTER IX.

THE princess of Wirtemberg reflected seriously on what she heard, and ultimately resolved to employ the permission given her by the archbishop in continuing her search amongst the neighbouring convents.

Her first choice fell on St. Emery, a house which enjoyed the reputation of having formerly served as a prison to a queen of Hungary, and which she imagined might a second time have a claim to that distinction. That Mary was alive, and that a convent was her abode, she could not doubt, after what Herman had heard from the mouth of Barbe. On that she found all her hopes were founded, and she promised herself in the end to execute the commission of duke Albert, and gratify her own wishes by the liberation of the imprisoned queen.

She expected no difficulty in departing from St. Nicholas, and was not a little surprized, when the superior, to whom she communicated her intention, informed her, that she must first acquaint the abbess of St. Anne, on whom she was dependent, and who had expressly enjoined her, under pain of being excommunicated by the archbishop, not to let the princess escape.

Thus was the poor Ida as much a captive here as in the melancholy convent of St. Anne, though her situation was not quite so disagreeable. The abbess sent for answer, that as the archbishop was soon expected in that district, the princess of Wirtemberg must wait his arrival, when she would have an opportunity of making her request to him in person.

We have yet given the reader no sketch of the character of Subinko; nor indeed is it of much importance. He was a little red faced old man, who had nothing of dignity about him, but the mitre that covered his thin grey locks; and had certainly never

before been expected with impatience by a young and beautiful damsel. He was considered in his day as a pious and learned man; though in fact he knew no virtues but the insignificant forms of a cloister, no learning but that of a monk. In short he was totally without morals, and equally devoid of every quality which renders youth amiable, or age respected.

At length this personage arrived at St. Nicholas, and was announced to the princess of Wirtemberg, before he had seen the superior. Ida received him with her natural gracefulness, and the pleasure occasioned by his arrival rendered her still more attracting.

"May I ask, sir," said she, the moment she saw him, "your permission to leave the convent of St. Nicholas?"

"Leave St. Nicholas!" answered he. "Are you not, young lady, somewhat too fickle in your disposition? This is already the second convent to which you have taken a dislike during your short abode

“in this country.—What would be the  
“consequence if God had called you to a  
“religious life, and it were necessary that  
“you should pass all your days in one of  
“these pious retreats?”

“Happily that is not the case:” replied  
Ida, with a smile.

“But supposing it was?”

The princess was alarmed. Such a  
supposition could not be indifferent to her.

“It is far from impossible,” continued  
Subinko. “The affairs of your prophet  
“at Prague have taken a very bad turn.—  
“Our holy father has excommunicated  
“him and his adherents. It was with dif-  
“ficulty he escaped the stake, at which I  
“hope, by the grace of God, to see him  
“one day expire.”

Ida could not help shedding tears at the  
fate that threatened the venerable Huss,  
from whose mouth she had received so  
many useful lessons.

“Fie!” cried the archbishop: “Those  
“tears are criminal, and render you dow-

“bly an heretic. Would you attempt to  
“defend the errors of a man who causes  
“such charming eyes to weep?”

“I can only hear, learn, and pity; I  
“pretend not to defend: God alone is  
“judge.”

“Very well, my child: I perceive that  
“you are mild and docile; your case is not  
“desperate. Yet the fate reserved for  
“the adherents of that heretic threatens  
“you. The least punishment that can be  
“inflicted on you is that of being im-  
“mured in a convent for life; without  
“having the liberty of changing every  
“month. . Probably that of St. Anne dis-  
“pleased you, because its rules are too op-  
“posite to your worldly and sinful incli-  
“nations.”

Ida began to weep afresh, clasping her  
hands with a suppliant air.

“Besides this,” continued the archbi-  
shop, “there is a circumstance I scarcely  
“dare mention, which cannot but render  
“your situation worse. I am told, you



"are condemned by the secret tribunal. Is it possible, that, so young, so handsome, so innocent in appearance, you should be so enormous a sinner! Thus there seems scarcely any choice for you but death or a convent,"

The archbishop perceived the alarms of Ida, and knew so well how to heighten her fears, that she fell at his feet to intreat him to save her.

"I believe you to be neither rigid, nor cruel," said she. "Your eyes assure me, that you wish me well, and would be disposed to assist me if you could. Is there any thing impossible to the powerful Subinko? I ask only to fly, to hide myself, till happier times. I could wish, too, to inform Sophia, duke Albert, or my father, of my situation. Oh, do not abandon me! Once more bestow on one that paternal look which tells me that you wish not my ruin."

"And does it tell you so?" replied the prelate with inexpressible joy. "Suppose



"I were now to assure you that it spoke  
"truth; that I am come purposely to de-  
"liver you; and that I was prejudiced in  
"your favour the first moment of your be-  
"ing presented to me at Prague?—You  
"might easily have guessed this from the  
"liberty I have permitted you to enjoy.—  
"No one else in your place would have  
"obtained from me the same indulgence,  
"particularly when accused of heresy."

"Ah confirm, then, my pleasing  
"hopes!" said Ida, still on her knees.—  
"Let my father know where I am; it is  
"with him I should believe myself most in  
"safety."

"Why should you go so far, my child,  
"for succour?" replied he, taking her by  
the hand. "If you have need of a fa-  
"ther, cannot I supply the place of one?  
"You see I am growing old . . . though  
"not so very old neither . . . but old  
"enough to stand in need of a young and  
"obliging governante. Are you willing to  
"take upon you the office? . . . I am at

“ present disengaged from all the fatiguing  
“ duties I had to fulfill at Prague.—  
“ For the future I shall reside at my mag-  
“ nificent palace on the borders of the  
“ Danube. Come, and share with me,  
“ during the remainder of my life, the  
“ pleasures of that delightful retirement.  
“ You shall be my daughter, my friend;  
“ and, at my death, heiress of all my  
“ riches.”

Ida listened with great attention, without perfectly comprehending what she heard. To be the daughter, the gover-  
nante, the friend of a good old man, and  
to await happier times under the protec-  
tion of the pontiff of Hungary, were pro-  
posals not to be rejected by a mind free  
from suspicion: yet an internal sentiment,  
and the knowledge she had of the manners  
of the age, I whispered, that the arrange-  
ment was not practicable. Besides, the  
familiarity of the prelate, and the manner  
in which he gazed on her, whilst she was at

his knees, displeased her. She withdrew her hand from between his, and arose. She had already remained too long in that humiliating situation, which was perhaps pleasing to him, because it reduced her to a level with his own diminutive figure, and thus enabled him to contemplate her charms more at ease.

"You must not be offended, charming princess," continued he, again taking her hand.

"A convent, if it must be so, will be the most suitable retreat for me, till better times. My rank . . ."

"Speak not of your rank; we know you to be the princess of Wirtemberg: but history informs us, that persons of far superior station have not disdained the friendship of a bishop . . . Think of Matilda, marchioness of Tuscany: she was proud of being the spiritual daughter of pope Gregory VII; and on that account is still venerated, though more

“than three centuries have elapsed since  
“her death.”

The archbishop needed not have spoken more clearly, to let Ida into the knowledge of his designs. She stood petrified, her eyes cast down, without answering a word. Her face was by turns reddened with scarlet, and covered with a deadly paleness; whilst the holy prelate, all on fire, seemed to expect a favourite decision from her mouth.

“Matilda of Tuscany!” said Ida to herself: “Horrible! I and Matilda!”

In those days, it is true, the story of Matilda and her only lover was not deemed as scandalous as it now is; though it was then appretiated with sufficient justice to be an object of detestation to every honest mind. Ida trembled: she repulsed the archbishop’s hands, which were continually endeavouring to lay hold of her’s; an involuntary tear stole from her eye; and she turned away from him in manifest disgust.

The amorous old prelate did not for this discontinue his solicitations ; and Ida, driven to the extreme, could scarcely forbear bursting into a rage, if it were possible that such a sentiment could have found place in so gentle a breast. Both, however, were highly displeased, and they parted with mutual asperity and threats.

## CHAPTER X.

"WHAT will become of me?" exclaimed Ida when she was alone: "Heavens! What will become of me? The vengeance of this wretch will not fail to pursue me. Never, O never, shall I again see those I love."

She repaired to the princess Gara to impart to her her unhappiness, and ask her advice. Her words expired on her lips. She blushed to acquaint another with the humiliating proposal that had been made her.

"The archbishop has been with you;" said the princess Gara: "Did you observe no alteration in him?"

"I know too little of him to judge . . . . He appeared to be out of humour, dejected, absent . . . Do you know the cause of it?"

Can he have had the assurance, thought Ida, to speak of what has passed between us? and the blood flew to her face.



“Yes,” continued the princess Gara,  
“the abbess communicated to me the cause,  
“but, under the strictest charge of secrecy.  
“You are not ignorant of the disputes he  
“has had with the new Bohemian preacher.  
“Subinko carried matters so far, that Win-  
“ceslaus at length was offended, and ordered  
“him to be privately informed, no doubt at  
“the instigation of Sophia, that his presenee  
“would be dispensed with. In fact, he is,  
“as it were, deprived of his dignities in  
“Bohemia. King Sigismond, it is true,  
“protects him still; and he will remain  
“what he was in Hungary: but how long  
“will that continue?”

“Can it be true!” said Ida, interrupt-  
ing her: “is this unworthy being really de-  
“prived of all his authority? And shall I  
“have nothing to fear from him?”

Attributing the joy Ida manifested at the  
archbishop's fall, to former reasons she had  
to complain of him, the princess gave her  
a more circumstantial account of what ap-  
peared to afford her so much pleasure.—

During this narration, Ida found all her fears vanish; and she resolved to avail herself of her liberty to go the next day to St. Emery.

She communicated to the nuns her design; and they informed her, that the archbishop had ordered them, if she persisted in it, to let her go.

The alarms of Ida respecting the conduct of her persecutors, were thus intirely dissipated. "The power of this wretch is so curtailed," said she to herself, "he dares not even oppose my wanderings.— I will continue them, till I find what I seek, and then will be happy in spite of him; and of all the enemies of innocence.— It is true, I might repair to Italy to my father; or choose any other place, where I might think myself safe: but no, I will remain true to the point I have undertaken: I will first execute the commission of duke Albert, and then think of myself."

Ida departed. The journey to St. Emery was too long to be performed on

foot, as the fair traveller wished, and a carriage was therefore procured her. She requested that one of the nuns might be permitted to accompany her; but she was told, that the archbishop had forbidden it. His authority is still great, thought the princess of Wirtemberg, as she descended the mountain, on which the convent was situated, and entered the valley that separated it from St. Anne's.

At a distance she perceived armed men approaching. Their number, however, was small; and their peaceable appearance was little alarming. As they approached, she discovered, that they wore the same armour as she had noticed the day before on the attendants of the archbishop. A cold sweat seized her. If they had any designs on her, to escape was impossible.

One of the cavaliers, an elderly man, of a venerable appearance, came up to the carriage, and said, they were charged to escort her.

"To escort me! Whither?"

“ To the place where you are going ; to  
“ the convent.”

“ Is it indeed to the convent ? I conjure  
“ you, my honest old friend, tell me the  
“ truth ?”

“ It is as true, as I pray God and the  
“ holy Virgin may be my protectors,” re-  
plied he, putting his hand to his heart,  
with a devout air.

An honest open countenance generally  
removes distrust. Ida believed what he  
said, and was tranquillised. But she was  
not long deceived. The journey was  
sooner finished than she expected. The  
distance to St. Emery was considerable ;  
yet she heard one of her conductors say,  
“ We shall soon be there : I see already  
“ the walls of the convent.”

The princess put her head out of the  
carriage, and perceived the steeple of St.  
Anne’s. “ Whither are you carrying me ?”  
cried she.

“ To the convent of St. Anne’s ; as we  
“ told you before.”

“ I am going to St. Emery’s.”

“ We had no orders for that.”

Ida attempted to leap out of the carriage. But the old man who first spoke to her, prevented her. She called him by the name of traitor, without reflecting, that she had not inquired to what convent they were going to conduct her.

The cavalier assured her, he had not deceived her intentionally. “ Why should I?” said he, “ Were you not in our power? And must you not have gone whither we had orders to conduct you?”

The princess drew back, and burst into tears. The carriage entered the gate of the convent. She was obliged to alight; and found herself once more in a place which an abode of a few weeks had rendered so disagreeable, and which she could not now soon hope to quit.

She was conducted to the abbess.—  
“ Welcome princess,” said she: “ I find  
“ our sisters of St. Nicholas have had the  
“ same fortune as ourselves: you were soon



“tired of them.—We, indeed, have apparently the advantage: you visit us a second time, whereas you have quitted them for ever.”

“For ever?” said Ida.

“Yes: if I may believe the archbishop—you are going to commence your noviciate with us. You will be permitted to enter into our order, and share all the rights and privileges we enjoy.”

“I have no desire to embrace a religious life, and in this convent less than any where.”

“Princess, you force me to say things, that will not please you. Would you have me openly declare, that you are pursued by the secret tribunal? And that there is no safety for you but in a convent? None of our ladies will treat you as a sister, if this be known. Persons like you should be confined in houses of correction. You may thank the archbishop, who is desirous of saving you,



“for having kept it a secret, and enjoined  
“me to do the same: yet in spite of these  
“precautions, I fear you will scarcely be  
“secure even within the walls of our holy  
“habitation.”

To this Ida gave no answer but tears. Ascribing them to repentance, the abbess assured her of her protection, and gave her her hand to kiss; a proof that she already considered her as of the number of those unfortunate beings subject to her religious sway.

History does not inform us, whether the princess acted according to etiquette on this occasion; but we have great reason to doubt it. The misfortune to which she found herself at this moment obnoxious, was yet too new, for her to yield to what was expected of her, or consent voluntarily to humble herself before her despotic sovereign.

“Ah!” said she, with a sigh, when she arrived in her cell: “how could I be so weak as to believe, that an offence given

“ an ecclesiastic prince would remain un-  
“ revenged? How imprudent was I to  
“ quit those good nuns of St. Nicholas, to  
“ make myself a prisoner in a place like  
“ this! There I should have been less ex-  
“ posed to the archbishop’s cruelty: there  
“ at least I should have had the princess  
“ Gara to witness my treatment, and be  
“ my adviser: and had I absolutely been  
“ obliged to embrace a religious life, my  
“ fate would have been infinitely more  
“ bearable in the convent of St. Nicholas,  
“ than in that of St. Anne. . . . How  
“ much do I regret, that I did not at least  
“ inform the princess Gara of the scene  
“ that took place between me and my per-  
“ secutor! The knowledge of this would  
“ have rendered her attentive to my desti-  
“ ny, and made her perhaps suspect the  
“ truth, when she shall find that I am not  
“ at St. Emery.”

Thus complained Ida, till convinced that regret was no remedy for ills, and that patience and activity alone could enable her to surmount the calamity with which she was threatened.

Ida's situation was now far different from what it had formerly been. Before, she was treated with respect, had the best chamber in the house, and enjoyed every possible liberty. Now every thing was changed, every thing was poisoned by the reflection, that here she was to remain for ever.

Her sole consolation was the year of her noviciate, before the expiration of which she could not be constrained to pronounce the irrevocable vow. "How many "things," said she, "may happen in that "period! my life has already been so "crowded with vicissitude, that Provi- "dence may still perhaps bring about "events which will produce a happy "change in my lot." Hope, sweet blessing of heaven, how does thy presence, the instant thou approachest the unfortunate, comfort and relieve them! Their sufferings become supportable, their chains appear light, they but half feel the troubles of the

present moment, and they smile at the future.

Expecting deliverance, Ida resolved not to give way to sorrow and unavailing grief. The first six months of her noviciate were spent as usual in sterile, though tiresome practices; when she heard with pleasure, that a task more fatiguing, and more mournful, though far nobler, was allotted her. She was appointed to attend the infirmary. To comfort the afflicted, and to weep with the unhappy, had ever been with her favourite employments. The insalubrious situation of St. Ann's rendered so many sick, that one nurse would scarcely suffice. Ida's care and attention, however, diminished the number, and patients were restored to the community, who had long been, as it were, buried in this noisome retreat.

The gratitude of those who were thus snatched from the jaws of death, was not the sole recompence of our heroine. She became acquainted with nuns she had never

before seen, and who were, in many respects, the most estimable in the house.— Afflicted, oppressed, abandoned, they went but too soon to inhabit the infirmary, where they respired impure air and received bad aliment, whilst their companions in health, made a jest of their misfortunes, or saw their last moments approaching with the most cruel unconcern. To recover them, Ida employed moral as well as physical remedies, and prepared them to support with more courage, the evils to which they were again to be exposed, evils that would cease but with their lives.



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## CHAPTER XI.

A M O N G S T the sick, whose number, thanks to the care and sympathetic kindness of our heroine, was now reduced to three or four; one remained, who, from the first, had particularly attracted her attention. She was extremely patient, and never complained. Her disease seemed incurable. It consisted in a total decay of the vital powers, a state of debility which old age produces; though the good nun had at most but reached the meridian of life. Her sufferings were not solely corporeal; her mind bore it's full share, but not, as she frequently confessed to Ida, in their moments of more familiar conversation, from fear of the future, to which she looked forward as promising her one continued day of serenity in the mansions of eternal peace; but from sad remembrance of the past, the griefs and terrors of which were constantly recurring to her thoughts.



Some words, which dropped from her, seemed to hint, that she had lost all she held dear in the world, and lost it in a cruel and extraordinary manner.

Ida could not help entertaining suspicions, though they were very slight, that this nun might possibly be the person she sought; but she could by no means get from her any particulars from her history. Conceiving, that the best means of exciting her confidence would be to relate her own, she seized the first opportunity that presented itself when they were alone together.

When she arrived at that part of her story where Herman related his adventures at the castle of Cyly, she observed the nun much affected. There were two persons, that figured conspicuously in her tale, whose names must make a forcible impression, if she were the person suspected. Burning, therefore, to developé this mystery, she continued her recital in the following terms:

"I have already informed you, that it  
"was duke Albert of Austria, who took  
"me under his protection at Nuremberg,  
"and promised to obtain me protection in  
"a convent in Hungary. Into this coun-  
"try I was brought, as you know, in a  
"manner very different from what I expect-  
"ed. I have not however forgotten the  
"commission with which I was charged.  
"Ah, my dear sister! a commission, on which  
"the happiness of many depends. Ought  
"I to entrust it to you? Yes, certainly, I  
"may without danger.

"Duke Albert—I am astonished you  
"seem not to know it, is betrothed to an  
"amiable young princess. That princess  
"had a mother, who for sixteen years was  
"supposed to be dead, and of whose exist-  
"ence the duke then for the first time  
"heard. Now it is my business to find  
"out this mother. Her name is Mary;  
"her daughter's Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth! Mary!" exclaimed the  
"nun, in a tone more easily conceived than  
"described.

"Elizabeth, daughter of king Sigismond," replied Ida; "and Mary, the unfortunate queen of Hungary."

"Unfortunate indeed!" cried the nun, clasping her hands together. "But you talk of persons who are no more.—Mary is dead; she must be so, and Elizabeth . . . did she not die in her infancy?"

"Elizabeth!—O no: she is alive, heirless to the kingdom of Hungary, and betrothed to the noblest prince upon earth."

"Impossible! impossible! Ah, would it were true! How I could wish once more to clasp the dear infant to my bosom!"

Ida now perceived as clearly as the reader, what they both probably have for some time suspected. Her heart beat with anxious joy: yet she concealed her emotion, and continued thus:

"I wish with all my heart, I could immediately introduce to you the prin-

"cess of whom you seem so fond: but  
"she resides at some distance, in the con-  
"vent of Klausenburg. There is however  
"one of her friends in the neighbourhood,  
"the princess Gara."

"The princess Gara!—Visionary! She  
"too is dead. You know she died a little  
"after I—a little after Mary was delivered  
"of Elizabeth."

"The princess Gara is living. She is  
"at St. Nicholas's. I left her there when  
"I came to this convent."

"Gara living! my dear Gara living!—  
"and Elizabeth not dead!—What joy!—  
"No, no: it is impossible!"

As Mary uttered these words, she faint-  
ed. The princess of Wirtemberg, kneeling  
by her side, endeavoured to recover her.—  
"August queen," cried she, "dear unhap-  
"py Mary, arouse yourself, days more  
"fortunate await you."

Mary opened her eyes, looked round  
her with an air of astonishment, asked new  
questions, could no longer conceal who she

was, a hundred times desired Ida to assure her whether what she had said were really true; and at length, convinced, she gave herself up to the most pleasing sensations.

This interesting discovery could not have been effected with more caution; yet were its consequences severe. The queen became dangerously ill. Ida wept by her bedside, and despaired of presenting her alive to her daughter.

The princess repaired to the abbess, and with much humility, a virtue to which she had been obliged to habituate herself, begged permission that Veronica, which was the name adopted by Mary when she took the veil, might be removed to St. Nicholas, for the benefit of the air, hoping she might there recover more speedily, or at least die more at ease.

Her request was refused with some petulance; and she was asked, if her inclination for wandering were again returned.

"I ask it not for myself," said Ida, "but for a sick person. Let me only



" have permission to attend her thither,  
 " deliver her into the hands of the nurses  
 " of the infirmary of St. Nicholas, and  
 " acquaint them how she ought to be treat-  
 " ed; I will immediately return to St.  
 " Anne's, which I humbly acknowledge as  
 " the place of my destination."

The abbess did not seem to think the  
 life of a nun worth so much attention.—  
 Ida remarked that Mary was not known  
 here by her true name; she durst not dis-  
 cover it, and she sorrowfully returned to  
 her patient.

Day and night were Ida's thoughts em-  
 ployed on means of alleviating the sorrows  
 of the patient; and procuring her an inter-  
 view with her daughter Elizabeth. All her  
 hopes centered in the annual visits of the  
 nuns of St. Nicholas to their elder sisters of  
 St. Anne's, the time of which was not far  
 distant. It was possible she might find  
 amongst them some one to whom she  
 could address a message for the princess.



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CHAPTER XII.

THE princess devoted herself entirely to the service of the unfortunate queen.— They were humane enough, in the convent not to disturb her in the exercise of her charity: her noviciate drew towards an end; she had behaved irreproachably during it; and it was contrary to rule to begin anew to torment a candidate for the veil, when the time of her probation was nearly expired.

Day and night were Ida's thoughts employed on means of alleviating the sorrows of the queen, and procuring her an interview with her daughter Elizabeth. All her hopes centered in the annual visits of the nuns of St. Nicholas to their elder sisters of St. Anne's, the time of which was not far distant. It was possible she might find amongst the visitors some nun to whom she could entrust a message for the princess Gara.

In the mean time her affectionate cares were not lost; and the queen began to recover. The princess of Wirtemberg kept up her spirits, by endeavouring to inspire her with the hopes she herself felt. Despondency gradually diminished. She had fancied she had lost every thing dear to her: already she had found something to make her in love with life; why should she not indulge this consolatory sentiment?

Ida had heard a considerable part of the queen's adventures from the princess Gara; yet the end of her story remained a mystery, which no one could explain to her but Mary herself. This from a person so feeble, she could not desire; it would be tearing open her yet bleeding wounds. She suffered not therefore her curiosity to escape her. It was observed, however, by the queen, whom she had inspired with the tenderest attachment.

“ I perceive your wish, my dear Ida,” said she one day, “ and, heaven be praised, I can gratify it, without giving myself

“pain. You shall know all. I have com-  
“mitted it to writing. My pen was my  
“sole consolation in this melancholy abode.  
“To recite my griefs was an amusement;  
“and I was willing to leave behind me the  
“remembrance of my cruel sufferings, that  
“my tears might not be wholly confounded  
“with the fearful torrent of those that are  
“incessantly flowing on the world of  
“misery, and that their traces might not be  
“totally obliterated.”

“Where is this precious writing to be  
“found, that contains the misfortunes of a  
“saint?”

“There is but one place in this con-  
“vent, held inviolate by malignant curi-  
“osity. There have I concealed my  
“journal.—The tomb covers my secret.—  
“Agreeably to the custom of the convent, I  
“have with my own hands digged my grave:  
“frequently have I watered it with my  
“tears; and to it have I confided my sor-  
“rows. You will easily find the place.—A  
“cross, on which is inscribed the name of

“Veronica, will point it out to you, and the moon will enable you to discover it.”

It was midnight, and every one was asleep. Ida ran to the cemetery. With eager curiosity she wandered amongst the tombs. It was some time before she discovered the grave of Veronica, which she had been too long in the infirmary to keep in order, and no friendly hand had undertaken that office. The earth had fallen in, the cross had tumbled down, and Ida would not have discovered it, had not she possessed sagacity enough to distinguish it by its disordered state. She replaced the cross, threw out the earth, found the journal, and was returning to the infirmary, when a noise at one end of the cemetery caught her attention.

In those days it was doubly meritorious for a young person to have courage to walk at midnight amongst the habitations of the dead. The persuasion, that the spirits of the departed continued to haunt those mansions where their mortal vesture was deposited, existed in full force. The pious Ida

sincerely believed it: yet had she courage not to fly. She hid herself under an old alder tree, close to the wall of the burying ground, and which scarcely exceeded it in height.

The leaves trembled over her head; and on the ground she perceived a shadow projected by the light of the moon. It was not the wind that shook the leaves; for the night was perfectly calm. Some words uttered in a low-voice increased her fears. The trunk of the tree, against which she leaned, received a violent shock, and at a small distance from her descended a human figure, large, and of a fearful aspect. Had she possessed the will she had no longer the power to fly. What she saw, and what she shortly after heard, bore so little analogy to the ideas she had formed of apparitions, that her fear was now of a nature totally different from that of ghosts.

"This way," said the figure, with a low voice, and looking to the top of the tree: "Lay hold of that branch, and then



“ leap boldly, and you will light safely  
“ where I am.”

Ida again perceived the same movement as before, and a second person descended.

“ You see,” said the first, “ that our  
“ enterprize is not impracticable. Let us  
“ now consider what is to be done. Observe  
“ those grated windows, where you perceive  
“ a light. They are those of the infirmary,  
“ in which, for some time past, she has al-  
“ most constantly resided. They are not  
“ so high, but we . . . .”

The men were now gone too far for Ida to hear more. She would willingly have fled: but fear restrained her more than curiosity. To arrive at the gate of the convent, she must have passed these men, who appeared to have no good design. Under her tree she was safe, and there she remained.

At length the men returned. The face of one of them seemed not altogether unknown to her; that of the other she could not see.



"The safest way, no doubt," said one of them, "would be to acquaint her with your design: but how can we procure an interview with her?"

"The feast of St. Nicholas," said the other, "is at hand. On that day the nuns have more liberty, and it will be possible perhaps to speak with her either in the garden, or in the cemetery. Yet why should we delay. The period of her taking the veil approaches, and there is no time to be lost, it will be prudent, therefore, to proceed immediately to action."

Whilst they were thus talking, Ida recognized one of them for a cavalier belonging to the archbishop. The author of the stratagem was no longer a mystery to her. It appeared evident, that her old persecutor, deceived in his expectation, that the miserable life she led at St. Anne's would induce her to comply with his desires, was unwilling to let things go too far, and chose rather to carry her off before she took the veil, than to lose her for ever.

The men being gone to a distant part of the cemetery, Ida stole from her hiding place, reached the gate safely, shut it after her, and arrived almost breathless at the infirmary, where she found the queen uneasy at her long absence. This, however, was soon removed, when she appeared, bringing with her the journal, which fortunately she had not forgotten.

Much as she had pitied the unhappy queen, she was still more affected at her fate, when she reflected, that her last comfort was attempted to be ravished from her. What would have become of Mary, if her dear companion had that night been carried off, and she had expected her return in vain?

It was with difficulty the princess concealed from the queen her extreme agitation, under the appearance of the emotion excited by reading the journal. When Mary was asleep, Ida gave free scope to her reflections, and almost sunk under the dread of the danger which threatened them.

“Oh!” said she, “that the festival of St. Nicholas were past! Would that I had put the fate of Mary beyond the power of chance! As to myself, if other resources fail, the enunciation of my vow will at least give me security; and I would rather make this cloister my abode for ever, than become the Matilda of this detestable Gregory.”

Ida went to the window, to see whether the nocturnal visitants of the cemetery were yet gone. All was quiet. She observed, however, that it was not impracticable, with a little management, to carry off a person from that part of the convent. The windows were not high, the bars were in many places nearly eaten through with rust, and it was plain that the wall was no insurmountable barrier.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

THE remainder of the night was employed by the princess in considering what steps it would be most prudent to take.— Day was no sooner broken, than she repaired to the abbess, to acquaint her with the events of the night, suppressing only certain circumstances, which the reader will be at no loss to conjecture, and the name of the archbishop, which she did not think proper to mention. She had not forgotten what she had heard the new Bohemian preacher say of the dissolute lives of the clergy, and the good understanding that secretly prevailed between the nuns and their ecclesiastical superiors. She knew not how far the designs she ascribed to the archbishop might succeed, and therefore she spoke only in general terms of what had happened.

Her reception was flattering. The abbess rejoiced, that Ida at length began to

give proofs of her religious vocation, and and exhorted her to persevere. Measures too were taken to repair the old wall; and it was thought proper to remove the nurse and her patient from the dangerous chamber they had hitherto inhabited, to one more convenient.

As the festival of St. Nicholas approached, Ida's agitation increased. The wished-for day at length arrived; the nuns made their appearance. Mary, who had acquired strength sufficient to go to her window, saw them come, and heard their song. "Go, my child," said she to the princess, "and lose no time; who knows how short the moments may be, that you will be able to dedicate to the emancipation of us both?"

Ida went. As a novice, she had supposed she should have been excluded from the assembly of the nuns, and should be obliged to seize for the execution of her project some moment offered by chance: in consequence, however, of the adventure



of the cemetery, she was admitted to enjoy the privileges of a professed nun. She had feared, too, that her residence in the convent would be kept secret, as she had been brought thither in some respect by force; but she soon discovered, that the votaries of St. Anne were vain of having seduced one of those of St. Nicholas, and proud of having inspired the worldly minded princess of Wirtemberg with an inclination for a monastic life.

News like this could not be very pleasing to the servants of St. Nicholas. Though, in other respects, good sort of girls, they were not wholly exempt from jealousy, which singularly prevails within the walls of a convent, where it springs and flourishes as in its native soil. Of course they envied their venerable sisters this conquest.

“I could not have thought this of you,” said one of the principal nuns of St. Nicholas to Ida; “I could never have imagined that the princess of Wirtemberg would have preferred another convent



“to ours, had she been disposed to take the veil.”

“Oh,” answered Ida, “if you knew what has happened to me!”

The nun's countenance changed from the expression of discontent to that of compassion. She was about to ask some question; and Ida, who had no time to lose, was preparing to communicate to her those secrets with which her heart was oppressed, when a nun of St. Anne's came to interrupt the conversation. It was not judged prudent to permit the new sister to be much alone with the amiable seducers of St. Nicholas; and she was so carefully watched, that she feared she should have no opportunity of accomplishing her purpose. She escaped for a few moments to visit the queen; imparted to her her embarrassment, and a new scheme she had formed; obtained her consent; and returned to join the company.

“In the name of God,” whispered the nun of St. Nicholas, who appeared to have

waited for her in a corner of the cloister,  
“ tell me by what means you were brought  
“ to this convent. The princess Gara and  
“ and I have sought you every where, and  
“ this is the last place in which we should  
“ have expected to find you. How, then,  
“ came you hither?”

“ Almost by force,” answered Ida.—  
She would have said more, but she was instantly called by the abbess, and the conversation was again interrupted. During the frugal repast, when Ida was observed by a thousand eyes, the abbess delivered a public eulogy of the manner in which the new sister had voluntarily submitted to take the veil, of her conduct during her noviciate and of her having herself discovered that a design was formed of stealing her from the convent. “ I entreat you my dear sisters,” added she with an air of devotion, “ to pray  
“ God and his saints to preserve her from  
“ temptation, and from every desire of re-  
“ turning to a corrupt world, till the time  
“ of her taking the habit, which we will fix

“for this day month, being the festival of  
“saint Scholastica.”

The nuns of St. Nicholas begged permission to assist at the ceremony. This appeared contrary to rule, and was refused.

Towards evening, however, the princess found an opportunity of saying a few words by stealth to her friend, the nun of St. Nicholas: “Tell the princess Gara,” said she, “that I have discovered Mary,” and that “she expects speedy relief.” The nun lifted her eyes to heaven with a look of astonishment.

“May I confide in you without danger?” added Ida.

The nun answered in the affirmative, with an air of frankness, and seemed to reproach her for doubting it.

“Take this writing then, and deliver  
“it to the princess Gara. Recommend  
“her above all things to be diligent. The  
“queen is living: she is in this convent,  
“but extremely weakened by a tedious  
“illness.”

Scarcely had the nun time to conceal in her bosom the journal of the queen, when a messenger from the abbess came to inform our novice, with a look of some dissatisfaction, that it was time to retire to her cell; adding, that she had made too free with the liberty allowed her, to be permitted longer to enjoy it.

Ida immediately retired to join Mary, to whom she gave an account of the success of her enterprize. They discoursed of nothing else till night was far advanced; they formed conjectures, expressed doubts, and gave way to fears, but ultimately cherished hopes, that heaven would prosper their virtuous endeavours.

The next day the abbess sent for the princess.

“My daughter,” said she, “we had  
“good reasons yesterday for wishing to  
“prevent all communication between you  
“and our dangerous sisters of St. Nicholas.  
“It is not impossible but they may be  
“secretly in league with your persecutors.

“ Consider the culpable desire they manifested of assisting at your taking the habit; and besides, sister Margaret declares she saw the nun who last spoke to you conceal in her bosom a paper; probably a vile letter from one of your friends in the great world, who wishes to draw you anew into its pollution.”

Ida, fearing that Mary's journal had been discovered, blushed and was so embarrassed that she could scarcely ask if any thing had been found upon the nun.

“ No,” replied the abbess, “ we have found nothing; and indeed we should be sorry to pollute our hands with such profane writings. What I told you was more conjecture . . . . But tell me,” added the abbess, “ for your change of colour looks suspicious, what did she say to you?”

“ She . . . . she . . . she . . . proposed to me to take a walk in the cemetery,” said Ida trembling.

“ I was right,” replied the old lady. “ If you had complied, you would have been



“lost for ever: for know, unhappy child,  
“when satan so eagerly pursues, that our  
“walls are not too lofty for our enemies.  
“Yesterday evening one of our sisters was  
“seized by two men, and dragged towards  
“a ladder which they had placed ready.  
“Fear prevented her crying out; but her  
“veil falling off saved her. The sanctity  
“and devotion imprinted on her counte-  
“nance awed her ravishers.—It was cer-  
“tainly one of St. Anne’s greatest miracles.  
“—The mistake was, no doubt, fortunate  
“for you, for the falling off of your veil  
“would by no means have produced the  
“same effect: your countenance is yet too  
“worldly to inspire such respect. Do not,  
“however, be cast down; age and rigid  
“mortifications of the flesh may one day  
“enable you to enjoy the same advantages.”

Ida could scarcely refrain from laughter at this recital, and the reflections that accompanied it, notwithstanding the fear and sorrow with which her mind was agitated.



“ You see,” continued the abbess, “ we  
“ begin to treat you with more confidence,  
“ and to consider you already as one of our  
“ sisters. I must inform you, therefore,  
“ that the snares laid for you become daily  
“ more and more evident. This morning  
“ two bars of the infirmary window were  
“ found cut through with a file. You must  
“ consequently be kept more recluse, till  
“ the day when you will triumph over the  
“ world. Be comforted, however: our pro-  
“ tector, the archbishop, shall be informed  
“ of all, who will take care that you shall  
“ be safe.”

At the name of the archbishop, Ida clasped her hands together with an expression of the most lively terror. This action appeared highly edifying to the abbess, who knew not its true motive, and she dismissed our novice with extreme kindness.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE minds of Ida and Mary were agitated with fear and anxiety, in expectation of the effect that would be produced at St. Nicholas by the information they had sent thither. A long and melancholy week passed away, without the least gleam of hope appearing. At the end of it, however, Ida was sent for by the abbess.

“Daughter,” said she, “I have some very extraordinary news to impart to you. Your enemies, finding they cannot force you from your holy vocation by violence, have recourse to stratagem. But, praised be St. Anne, we are too mighty for them; and shall know how to frustrate their pernicious designs.”

Ida trembled at these words, and at perceiving in the hands of the abbess a writing to which the archbishop’s seal was affixed.

“It is now incontrovertibly demonstrated,” continued the abbess, “that the nuns of St. Nicholas are of the number

“ of those who have conspired against the  
“ salvation of your soul. This morning  
“ the princess Gara, who resides in that  
“ convent, sent us this order from our holy  
“ father, which we permit you with due re-  
“ spect to peruse.”

Ida took the paper as she was directed,  
that is to say, with a reverend genuflection,  
and read as follows :

“ Holy and devout mother in God, lady  
“ and abbess of the convent of St. Anne,  
“ we give you our benediction, and wish  
“ you all prosperity.

“ In virtue of these presents you are  
“ ordered to deliver, without making any  
“ difficulty, into the hands of the nuns of  
“ St. Nicholas, your sisters, the reverend  
“ mother Veronica, who resides in your  
“ convent, and demands this change on ac-  
“ count of her extreme weakness, and the  
“ young novice N. N. (called in the world  
“ by the name of Ida of Wirtemberg);  
“ which doing, you will fulfil our will.

“ SUBINKO, ARCHBISHOP.”

The princess trembled with joy and fear, and returned the letter, without being able to utter a word.

"Your emotion, your silence," resumed the abbess "sufficiently evince your thoughts. But do not fear, my child; you shall remain with us. In this letter the holy father directs us what conduct to pursue. Observe these characters, unintelligible to every one except his holiness and myself, and which the nuns of St. Nicholas probably noticed as little as you. They acquaint us with his real intentions."

Looking again at the letter, Ida perceived a line of small figures, which she had before regarded as one of the ornaments then in use. Her fear increased, and she was able only to cast upon the reverend mother a look of dread.

"You do not understand it," said the old lady, bursting into a laugh. "I believe so . . . These hieroglyphics signify, that Veronica may be delivered to the nuns

“ without difficulty: but that the young  
“ novice N. N. whom his holiness designs  
“ to honour with his protection, must be  
“ detained under some plausible pretext.

“ Agreeably to this order, the sick nun,  
“ who has long been a burden to you, will  
“ be delivered in the course of the morning  
“ to those whom the princess may send. It  
“ is a matter of total indifference, whether  
“ she be buried at St. Nicholas's or St.  
“ Anne's. You, child, will remain here,  
“ and patiently await the day that will de-  
“ liver you from all the persecutions both  
“ of the world and the devil. The ap-  
“ proach of the moment when you are to  
“ pronounce your vows is a sufficient pre-  
“ text for refusing your departure.”

This terrible sentence affected Ida ex-  
tremely. Her joy at the queen's deliver-  
ance, sorrow at being separated from her,  
despair at seeing herself compelled to take  
the veil, agitated her so much, that her legs  
trembled under her, and she was ready to  
faint.

“Why are you thus uneasy, my child?”  
—said the abbess, rising to support her.—  
“You see that your enemies will not suc-  
“ceed in their designs. Let them take  
“their course: we will be an overmatch  
“for them or I am mistaken. Poor Ver-  
“onica is obviously a mere pretext to get  
“you into their hands. We will grant  
“them, what they falsely announce to be  
“the grand point of their demand; and we  
“will keep you, whom they would appear  
“to ask incidentally. Make yourself easy,  
“therefore: go and prepare for Veronica’s  
“departure; and then come and join me.  
“In the mean time I shall assemble the whole  
“community, to compliment you as well  
“as myself, on our having so happily ex-  
“tricated ourselves from this dilemma.”

Ida retired with weeping eyes, acquainted Mary with her deliverance, who could scarcely contain herself for joy, parted from her with many tears, warmly recommended her to the care of those who came to seek her, and, as she bad her adieu,



begged her not wholly to forget her. If any thing could check the queen's happiness, it certainly was her inability to take with her the person who had effected it, and to participate with Ida the pleasure she was about to enjoy. She promised not to lose sight of her affairs, and quitted her with fervent expressions of her wish for their speedy re-union.

"What will our sisters at St. Nicholas say? and what our princess?" whispered secretly to Ida the persons sent to fetch her: "when we tell them you refuse to come to their convent, and prefer remaining at St. Anne's."

"Refuse!" said Ida. "Oh! tell them of my tears; my despair. They will guess the rest."

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CHAPTER XV.

SCARCELY could our heroine exert sufficient command over herself to receive with due civility the compliments of the jealous nuns: for here the least advantage was a matter of jealousy. As soon as possible she quitted the hall, and hastened to return to her cell, there to give a loose to her tears.

“ O Herman, Herman!” cried she:  
“ didst thou know, that thy beloved was on  
“ the brink of being torn from thee for  
“ ever!—And yet does it not seem as if  
“ vice were more interested in my fate than  
“ love?—To deliver me the archbishop has  
“ made attempts, on which thou hast never  
“ once thought. He perhaps will invent  
“ some means of preventing my taking the  
“ veil, and get me into his power: but  
“ thou . . . Yet could I pardon thee an ac-  
“ tion contrary to the laws? Should I fol-

" Now then, wert thou now to present thy-  
 " self before me?—Alas! No.—Surely I  
 " do not in reality desire to be emancipated  
 " from this frightful captivity, or un-  
 " doubtedly I should have discovered some  
 " means of breaking my chains, or at least  
 " have availed myself of those furnished me  
 " by chance. But I want courage and re-  
 " solution.—O Herman, Herman!"

This name, so frequently invoked by  
 Ida in her sorrow, will no doubt recal our  
 knight to the remembrance of the reader.  
 We have for some time amused his atten-  
 tion with events in some sort foreign to the  
 chevalier of Unna: perhaps he has forgot-  
 ten, that Herman is the hero of our story.  
 Let us therefore return to his adventures,  
 though, to do so, we must go back a whole  
 year in our narrative.

It was with great regret he quitted Ratis-  
 bon, to follow into Italy the count of Wir-  
 temberg, whom he had liberated.

What would he not have given to have  
 obtained some satisfactory news of Ida

before his departure? But time to make inquiries was wanting. The count of Wirtemberg durst not, and would not, longer delay his journey. Paternal tenderness was far from inspiring him with so lively an interest in the fate of Ida, as love inspired Herman. Besides he had not yet wholly pardoned his daughter for her imprudence in introducing herself to the meeting of the secret tribunal; an imprudence to which Ida owed her proscription, and her father his being compelled to quit Germany.

Neither had Herman any time to lose. He one day received a note containing only the following words. "Fly, Herman! The avengers are at thy heels!"

It was easy to guess the author of this billet, which was signed *Alexis of the Oaks*, a name that instantly recalled to Herman's memory the fair Alicia, and the adventure that befel him near the clump of oaks. In this advice, therefore, he readily discovered the friendly hand of Ulric of Senden.

“Adieu! Adieu! dear country that contains all I love!” cried Herman, as he quitted the confines of Germany. “Shall I ever behold thee again? Alas! my blood will probably be spilt on some foreign land, where no one will bestow a tear on my corpse. My ashes, collected by no friendly hand, will be scattered by the wind: and what will become of Ida?”

Herman, however, arrived safe at the camp of the Teutonic Knights. His name was a sufficient recommendation, and ensured him a flattering reception. He was informed, that amongst the knights was a person, whom they supposed to be related to him, as his name was John of Unna. He was one of the grand crosses of the order. His heart beat at this intelligence; but he said nothing. He was introduced to this officer. The two brothers recognized each other, and embraced.

“It was you,” whom I sought here, said Herman: “it was you alone by whom I was drawn hither. How happy to find you so soon!”



John affectionately embraced him again: The little Herman, for such he was when he last saw him, had always been more loved by him than any of his brothers; in like manner as to their sisters, he had preferred Agnes and Petronilla. A thousand questions concerning the family were put to Herman, who was not tardy in his answers. The recital of his adventures was reserved for a private conversation the next day. Of these the Teutonic Knight appeared to be perfectly ignorant.

Herman felt much respect for his brother John, whose situation and manners tended equally to inspire it. He asked Herman what induced him to leave Germany. This might have been fully answered in seven words: "I am pursued by the secret tribunal;" but Herman could not venture to render himself suspected by his brother at first sight. He answered, therefore, still more shortly: "my misfortunes."



John, without inquiring into particulars, and supposing misfortune had inspired his brother with a wish to take the habit of the order, contented himself with promising him advancement by way of consoling him.

To this Herman answered nothing.— The brothers parted. For the mutual relation of their adventures, the next day had been fixed, and the whole of the night was spent by Herman in considering how he should arrange the long series of events that had befallen him, so as to leave on his brother's mind no doubt of his innocence. He was not ignorant, that the simplest tale is always the best, as bearing the stamp of ingenuousness: but he had too often had the misfortune to have his actions misconstrued by those he loved not to have become timid.

In the mean time, both his hopes of happiness, founded on the conversation he was to have with his brother, and his anxiety to maintain a place in his esteem, soon vanished. The moment he was preparing to

quit his tent, in order to wait on him, he received information, that John had suddenly set off on business of emergency; and that all he had been able to do before his departure, had been to recommend him to the grand master.

To the grand master, whose name was Ulric of Jungingen, he was accordingly introduced, and met a favourable reception. Supposing him desirous of wearing the cross, he was informed of the conditions on which it was to be obtained. In those days, it was still more difficult to be admitted a knight of the Teutonic Order, than even at present.

Herman saw without regret this favour deferred, which at bottom he did not desire. It was enough for him to have obtained permission to share, in some measure, the glorious achievements of the order, by serving under its standard: and he resolved by his conduct to prevent, at least, any prejudice in his disfavour, if, what he so carefully concealed, should be discovered.

Our manuscript does not mention the actions at which our hero was present during the seven months he served in this army: it says only, that on all occasions he behaved with prudence and courage; that from accidental circumstances he became extremely intimate with the two Jungins, the one actual, the other late grand master: that the famous Henry Huss, formerly deposed, appeared not to be unfriendly to him: and that there was every reason to believe he would soon have had nothing to oppose his admission into the order, when an event arrived, which at once deprived him of the safety he enjoyed amongst the Teutonic Knights, and threw him again on a stormy sea, on which he was like to have perished.

Amongst the candidate knights, Herman made acquaintance with a man, for whom he felt himself singularly interested. He was a stern unpolished soldier, whose countenance appeared to have been roughened by misfortune. He was silent and

reserved to every one but Herman, who had more than once saved his life in battle, employed his interest with the grand master to procure him justice against the cabals of his enemies, seemed to attach himself to him for the same reasons which led others to avoid him, and sought his society because he was unhappy.

Naturally inclined to console the afflicted, Herman had long endeavoured to discover the cause of this knight's sorrows, that he might apply the balm of comfort to his wounds. At last accident effected a mutual confidence.

The friend of Herman revealed to him his name. He was Conrad of Langen, brother to the fair Alicia, who, pursued by the secret tribunal, here found a kind of asylum. The remembrance of his sister, and the resemblance of their destiny, increased Herman's attachment to him. He embraced him affectionately, called him his brother, informed him of the alliance that had taken place between their families,

and promised to acquaint him without delay with the events of his life.

Herman kept his word, and related his adventures with as much frankness as he would have done to his brother the commander. Conrad, also, not withheld by the fear of a rigid censor, concealed not the least circumstance of his own. His history proved, that he was far from not having committed any of the crimes for which he was pursued by the secret tribunal: whereas Herman, perfectly innocent, might boldly present himself and say, I am free from guilt.

Conrad, after Herman had finished his tale, was for a while silent. "You are more innocent than I," said he, at length: "your affair is not to be compared with mine; yet is our fate nearly the same.— Might not one be tempted almost to renounce virtue, when we consider, that it is frequently as obnoxious to misfortune as vice? The best thing we can do, however, is to quit this country, before the



“rigid Teutonic knight shall know our situation. Their eyes ultimately penetrate every thing: they are nearly as clear-sighted as our enemies the free judges.— Do not hope to be admitted into their order, without a strict inquiry being made into your conduct: and, if they learn the motives of your arrival here, expect to be judged with severity, for their delicacy is so great, that with them an accusation is as great a blot as a demonstrated crime.”

“Does Conrad think then,” replied Herman, “that I am desirous of obtaining the cross of the order?”

“I suppose so, because I imagined, that we, whose fate is so similar, might seek the same resources.”

“You design, then, to fix yourself here?”

“Before I answer your question, hear the part of my adventures which is unknown to you. When the persecution



“ of the free judges constrained me to quit  
“ my castle, and leave an unfortunate sis-  
“ ter without protection, fortune offered  
“ me, in the midst of my afflictions, a  
“ treasure, which she frequently refuses to  
“ her greatest favourites; I mean a faithful  
“ friend. . . . My deliverer, my dear  
“ John of Unna appeared, and saved me  
“ from despair, which was urging me to  
“ put an end to my days, and thus consign  
“ myself, laden with sins, to eternal per-  
“ dition.

“ John of Unna! my brother?”

“ Yes, he! Anxiety and watching had  
“ exhausted my strength. I was scarcely  
“ three miles from my castle, when sleep  
“ began to overpower me. It was necessa-  
“ ry that I should continue my way, or lose  
“ all hope of escape. I reached a wood,  
“ that, in happier days, had often lent me  
“ its friendly shade under which to enjoy  
“ the pleasures of repose after fatigue. I  
“ knew, if I went farther, I should find an  
“ open country for many miles, where I

“ must sleep in the face of day, unsheltered  
“ by a single tree. It is true there were  
“ villages and inns: but under what roof  
“ could a traveller like me sleep securely?

“ I lay down, therefore, under the first  
“ tree, and fell asleep. How long I slept,  
“ I know not: but when I awoke, the first  
“ object that met my eyes was a man with  
“ a drawn sword. Instantly I arose, and  
“ put myself into a posture of defence.—  
“ My enemy was the strongest, and I was  
“ on the point of being over powered,  
“ when a cavalier came up, and im-  
“ mediately undertook my defence.—  
“ This was your brother, John of Unna.  
“ He had never before seen me: but to  
“ find a man in distress was sufficient in-  
“ ducement with him to go to his assistance.

“ My antagonist was soon obliged to  
“ quit the field to our united forces. I  
“ thanked your brother, as my guardian an-  
“ gel; we embraced; we told each other  
“ our names; and mine, though the name

“ of one condemned by the secret tribunal,  
“ for I was known so to be all over the  
“ country, did not incite him to withdraw  
“ from me his friendship.

“ He treated me as a brother, and sat  
“ down by my side. . . . . ‘ I, too, am a  
“ ‘ fugitive,’ said he: ‘ I am fleeing from  
“ my kindred, who would compel me to  
“ embrace a way of life to which I have an  
“ invincible repugnance. Let us repair,  
“ then, my friend, to join the Teu’onic  
“ Knights. Their order may protect us  
“ from violence, and lead us some day to  
“ honour.’ . . . . . I struck hands with  
“ him, assuring him, that I would follow  
“ him any where, and we reposed on the  
“ grass to make a slight repast on the pro-  
“ vision your brother had in his portman-  
“ teau. We drank out of the neighbour-  
“ ing brook: we formed projects for our  
“ future lives; and dreamt not of the dan-  
“ ger that might frustrate them. . . . . To  
“ that danger, the danger of death, we had  
“ nearly fallen victims. The innocent

“ was obliged to share in it, because he as-  
“ sociated with the guilty. The foe, from  
“ whom John had delivered me, appeared  
“ anew, bringing with him a companion,  
“ that he might engage us on even terms.  
“ In an instant we were on our feet. Our  
“ sabres, by an unpardonable negligence,  
“ we had left at some distance on the grass;  
“ so that we had no weapons but the knives  
“ with which we were eating.

“ The combat was very unequal, though  
“ one of our antagonists, he whom the  
“ first had brought with him, seemed to  
“ fight with reluctance. No doubt it was  
“ Ulric of Senden, the lover of Alicia, who  
“ was forced to draw his sword against his  
“ mistress's brother. He carefully avoided  
“ wounding me, and soon turned from me  
“ to my second, who, unable to stand long  
“ against an enemy armed with a sword,  
“ was obliged to betake himself to flight.  
“ I was then easily taken prisoner by the  
“ other who led me to Osnabruck. I know

“ not what prevented him from taking my  
“ life on the spot. From my prison I  
“ found means to escape, and thus avoided  
“ the disgrace of an ignominious death.—  
“ Immediately I repaired to the place  
“ where I conjectured I should find my  
“ friend, John of Unna. Already was he  
“ decorated with the cross of the Teutonic  
“ Order. Being now better acquainted  
“ with the statutes of the order, than when  
“ we first met, he knew it would be impos-  
“ sible for me to obtain it, and he advised  
“ me to relinquish my projects, and thus  
“ avoid the strict scrutiny that would be  
“ made into my actions. By his advice,  
“ also, I changed my name: my real one  
“ would have exposed me to the greatest  
“ dangers. My misfortune was not, like  
“ yours, involved in obscurity: it would  
“ have been over with me, were I once  
“ known be Conrad of Langen.

“ Your noble brother could not serve  
“ me as he wished; yet, notwithstanding  
“ the circumstances that tied his hands, he

“ did much in my favour. To him am I  
“ indebted for life, for honour, for the  
“ means of subsistence; nay, more, for the  
“ opportunity of signalizing myself by  
“ glorious deeds! and, perhaps, it will not  
“ be impossible, by continuing to distin-  
“ guish myself, to efface the remembrance  
“ of my past life.

“ Some business of the order having  
“ called your brother away, I could certain-  
“ ly not have remained here without a pro-  
“ tector. In that respect you have suppli-  
“ ed his place; and whilst your adventures  
“ remain unknown, your name and repu-  
“ tation will support me. But, Oh! what  
“ a man is your brother! How great and  
“ noble a character! . . . . Friend of the  
“ oppressed, whom the whole world rejects!  
“ . . . A faithful guide, who has led me  
“ into the path of virtue! Can I ever re-  
“ pay what I owe him? Surely, no: my  
“ life would be too little to compensate such  
“ benefits.”



At these words Conrad melted into tears. Herman closely embraced him, and they consulted together what course they should pursue; but fortune sparing them the trouble of carrying it into execution, the result of their deliberation has never reached us.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

OUR two knights should have been more cautious in their discourse. They lived in a country, where neither darkness nor retirement could secure them from treachery. Their bravery, the respect shewn them by the grand master and the rest of the knights, the supposition that they were both candidates for the cross, and that it could not be refused them, had excited envy. Their ruin was sought; their steps were watched; and it was matter of exultation to their enemies, that their imprudence had disclosed things, which must cover them with confusion, and drive them from a place where their presence was unwelcome.

The grand master was informed of what Herman and Conrad had entrusted to each other under the veil of night. Henry

Reuss was at bottom no great friend to the knight of fidelity; and these two unfortunate victims of secret vengeance would have been treated with severity, and particularly Herman, the most innocent of the two, had not the count of Wirtemberg interfered.

The count and Herman had, since their arrival, always resided together. They had both fought under the standard of the Teutonic Knights. The former had thus a thousand opportunities of becoming acquainted with the heroic qualities of our young hero, and began to be greatly attached to him whom he had once so much hated. Independently of the liberation of the count at Ratisbon, Herman had frequently rendered him essential services.

The count was grateful, and pleaded Herman's cause with ardour. Probably he would have been completely justified, had not the count of Wirtemberg himself lived in a kind of banishment, which was not completely done away till at least a

month after, and which, for the present, considerably abated the influence of his mediation.

The terrible tribunal, which pursued Herman and Conrad, had ministers every where. No sooner was their situation known, than numbers of secret avengers prepared to execute the sentence pronounced against them. Neither the grand master nor the count could save them from this peril. — The only favour the latter could obtain, in consequence of the authority he had formerly enjoyed in that society, and which he was shortly to resume, was that Herman should be conducted in safety to Westphalia, to his uncle, the old count of Unna, who, he had every reason to believe, would protect and favour him, even if he could not procure him justice.

The hopes of count Everard were not without foundation. A report prevailed, that some trace of the murderers of duke Frederic were discovered; that one of them, named Falkenberg, was already in the hands

of justice; and that through him there was no doubt but the rest of the accomplices would be found out and arrested.

“Go, my son,” said the count to Herman; “if you have not deceived me, if you can completely justify yourself from having borne a part in that infamous crime, and appear as innocent in the eyes of the public as in mine, I promise you the accomplishment of your dearest wishes.”

“What, that Ida shall be mine?” asked the youth, transported with joy, and throwing himself at count Everard’s feet.

“Softly, softly,” said the old count, who seemed to regret in some measure what he had just said. “You ask too much.—A knight of Unna, and a princess of Wirtemberg, would be a match too disproportionate. If, however, the count of Unna fulfill his promise, and adopt you for his son . . . then perhaps I should not be so unjust as to refuse my daughter to the heir of so great a name, to the son too of my ancient friend.”

A smile was on the lips of Everard, as he pronounced the last words. Herman fell at his knees a second time. "She is mine," "then," cried he; "she is mine! O, my father! how shall I thank you?"

"Extravagance of youth! where are the proofs of your innocence? Who can say whether your uncle will keep his word? And, indeed, where is Ida herself, whom one would suppose you had already in your arms?"

"Ida! Ah! were she at the extremity of the globe, were she at hell itself, I would go thither in quest of her. But she is in a convent in Hungary, as I am given to understand by a letter she has written to the queen of Bohemia. I will visit every monastery in the kingdom; I will spare neither prayers nor threats; I will be prodigal of bribes; I will employ force, if necessary, till I have discovered her, and brought her with me to your feet, there to receive your benediction."



The count shook his head. Things that seem easy to youth appear far otherwise to the experience of age. Herman informed Everard, that his daughter had been exposed to the sword of the secret tribunal, and that nothing could have saved her but her abode in Hungary, where she was sheltered from its pursuit. "And will not the return of her father, re-established in his rights," added Herman, "necessarily produce the justification of Ida? No, my lord, you will not succeed in weakening my hopes; be you but favourably disposed towards me, and I fear not the whole world."

Everard and Herman parted; the former tolerably content, the latter perfectly enchanted. The count had once formed greater plans for his daughter. To see her duchess of Brunswic, and perhaps empress, would, unquestionably, have been more flattering to his pride, than the title of countess of Unna; but he had already found himself obliged to abate something of his pretensions.

The emperor, Robert, was firmly established on the throne, which the count once thought himself on the point of ascending.— There was no appearance of the German princes making another choice. Every thing was so arranged, that, on his death, the imperial crown could not fail of descending to king Sigismund, whose successor, Duke Albert of Austria, was too powerful to be supplanted by another; and what probability was there, that an old man, like count Everard, should survive the youthful Albert?

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## CHAPTER XVII.

HERMAN of Unna and Conrad of Langen were both delivered into the hands of their persecutors. The former was treated with much indulgence, no doubt because he was supposed to be innocent; and the latter, though charged with numerous crimes, in some degree participated the treatment of his friend.

Langen probably knew his situation better than did those who were appointed to conduct him before his judges. He knew, that the moment he arrived at the place of his destination, all the ancient accusations against him would be renewed, particularly that relating to the bishop of Osnabruck. He knew that he had no resource but in flight, and this had so often succeeded with him, that he flattered himself it would not fail now. Fertile in stratagems, and not very scrupulous in the means he employed, he

accomplished his design. One evening he embraced his friend with great emotion, spoke of the pleasure of meeting after a long separation, and . . . the next morning he was not to be found. Strict search was made after him; but to no purpose: no one could discover what was become of him.

Herman regretted his departure, yet rejoiced that he had recovered his liberty.—Lest he should be inclined to follow Conrad's example, he was himself watched more strictly. Superfluous precaution!—Conrad had often urged him to betake himself to flight, and he had as often refused. Why should he have fled? His conscience was clear: the judge to whom he was to be conducted was his relation, his friend: and in most places through which he passed rumours prevailed, that gave him hopes of being completely justified. Of these his guards made no secret: for one day he was informed by them, that Falkenberg, the known assassin of the duke of Brunswick,

had denounced, as his accomplices, Werner of Hautstein, and Henry count of Waldeck, both, as well as himself, in the service of the elector of Mentz. Hence it was easy to divine on whom the suspicion must fall; and as to Herman he was no way accused.

He rejoiced at these striking proofs of his innocence. His guards were not insensible of them, and they proposed to leave him at liberty to go where he pleased. The loyal knight smiled at this proposal, *Innocence never flies*, said he once more, and calmly suffered himself to be conducted to the castle of his uncle, the old count of Unna.

It was not as a prisoner, but as a friend, that Herman was conducted to the house of his relation, who received him with open arms. "What, already arrived to enjoy your triumph?" cried the count, as he saw him entering. "I have but just written to Italy, to inform you of the manner in which the truth has been discovered: is it possible the news can have reached you so soon?"

The young knight acquainted his uncle with the circumstances that occasioned his return.

“I am happy to assure you,” replied the count, “that the manner in which you have been thus brought to meet your justification is the last trouble you will experience from a crime in which you had no share. Hautstein, Falkenberg, and Waldeck were the accomplices of Hertingshausen, and perpetrators of the deed. None of them accuse you: they all declare on the contrary, that they knew not your name, except by having heard Hertingshausen, when intoxicated, say you were his enemy, and swear he would be avenged of you, should it cost him his happiness here and hereafter.—It is not surprising, therefore, that his malignant disposition suggested to him, on his meeting you near Fritzlar, to accuse you of the crime for which he suffered. In this accusation he persisted to the last: and hence sprung all your misfortunes.”



Horror seized Herman when he heard a circumstantial relation of the conspiracy, to which duke Frederic fell a victim. He trembled when the names were repeated of those who were concerned in the crime.

... "Well, and what is the punishment of those murderers?" said he with eagerness.

"A fine," answered the count, shrugging up his shoulders: "A fine only!"

"A fine! and I was to be put to death merely on suspicion!"

"They are princes," replied the count: "you were only Herman of Unna."

The old count had a long conversation with his nephew on this event: and, Herman on his part, related his adventures amongst the Teutonic Knights, and the promise made him by the count of Wirtemberg. As much as the latter part of his narrative pleased his uncle, so much did he appear displeased with the former; and Herman was obliged to undergo a strict examination on the manner in which he had lived

with his brother John. The count of Unna's hatred to the younger branch of his family was inextinguishable; and nothing could have preserved his nephew from the displeasure of the old gentleman, but the assurance which he gave him, with truth, that he had spoken to his brother but once.

"And what is his situation there?" asked the count. "No very respectable one, I presume."

"He is grand cross, and has a commandery."

"Ah indeed! I know then to what he owes his advancement: not to his services: but to the expectation that, after my death, he will be count of Unna.— Yet I shall deceive them. This John, and the vain glorious Bernard . . . But they are right; as I have no child, your family, or the empire, must be my heir. Patience, however! I will choose one they least expect; the youngest, the most despised of them all; him whom they

“thought to bury in the dust of a cloister,  
“in order to raise themselves at his ex-  
“pence.”

During this speech the old man's anger kindled into a flame. With a tone of asperity he ordered Herman to withdraw, who knew not what to think, till an ancient domestic of the house, whose probity he had discovered on his first visit to Unna, told him that the count, having been attacked with a dangerous disease, a few months before Herman's arrival. Bernard of Unna, and the abbess of Marienhagen had talked so publicly of their expectations, that it reached his ears, and confirmed him in the resolution he had formed in favour of Herman.

The wrath of the count soon subsided, and the day on which Herman was solemnly proclaimed innocent of the crime of which he had been accused, he adopted him for his son, and declared him his heir.—Herman's gratitude for such a benefit, of which no one more fully felt the impor-

tance, sensibly affected the old man : he thought he observed in the eyes of his nephew nothing but the astonishment excited by an extraordinary favour to which he had no pretension ; and this extremely pleased him.

Neither was the count much mistaken. It is true Herman expected what he had just obtained : his uncle's promise had given him the idea ; and his conversation with the count of Wirtemberg had recalled it to his memory : yet was he not less surprised to find himself thus suddenly at the summit of his hopes. He knew, that he was indebted for it to no claim of right, but solely to the kindness of his uncle : and to see the foundations of his happiness, of which his generous relation knew not all the extent, thus securely laid, excited in him the most lively effusions of gratitude.

“ Yes, thou art my son, my only son,” cried he, pressing Herman to his bosom. “ All the world shall know how much I love thee. I am proud of thee, and by

“the splendor with which I will equip thee,  
“I will humiliate those who envy thee, and  
“who so eagerly expected my death.”

There appeared in these words something mysterious: but Herman soon understood their meaning. The count gave him notice to prepare the next day to visit his brothers and sisters attended by a magnificent retinue. This news afflicted his good and gentle heart. What pleasure indeed could he feel, at being thus sent merely to brave his family? He submitted, however, to his uncle's will; after having prevailed on him, by dint of intreaties, to omit what would too sensibly have wounded the pride of his relations.

Agnes and Petronilla were delighted to see him, and sincerely participated his happiness. Ulric also threw himself into his arms transported with joy. The abbess and the canoness made him a thousand pious compliments; whilst the ill-dissembled jealousy of Bernard and Catherine were visible in their eyes. Herman, however,

strove to satisfy them all by his politeness and sincere expressions of friendship; but to none did he give so much pleasure as to his sister-in-law Alicia, to whom he brought news of her brother.

Conrad had reached Hungary without the least accident. The king received him into his service, though he concealed not from him ought respecting his situation: Sigismund was not more nice in the choice of his servants than of his mistresses; and his queen Barbe saw with pleasure her court increased by the addition of a famous knight, of whom she hoped in time to make a conquest.

Agreeable as the society of Ulric and Alicia, of Agnes and Petronilla, was to Herman, he could not long remain with them. A passion far stronger than friendship, his love for Ida, the desire of discovering her asylum, and his anxiety for her fate, soon tore him from the arms of his family.



His uncle, informed of his love and his hopes, had given him leave to depart in quest of the princess. Borne on the wings of love, he arrived at Prague, hoping that the queen would acquaint him with the place of Ida's abode: but Sophia was equally anxious and ignorant of her situation.—Thence he flew to the house of honest Munster, where, instead of the information he hoped, he found nothing but tears.

“She is in the hands of the old arch-bishop,” said the fosterfather of Ida; “out of which no human force can rescue her. Subinko, having lost all his power in Bohemia, exercises with the more rigour what he has left in Hungary. He lives at the court of Sigismond; Barbe is his friend; and no one dares oppose him.”

This was enough for Herman. His course was instantly resolved on. He swore to move heaven and earth for the delivery of his mistress from the persecution to which she was exposed; and reproached himself for having so long remained easy respecting her fate. He had supposed

a convent the safest possible asylum for an innocent young woman : a bishop, he imagined, could have no other views, no designs, in imprisoning an heretic, then instructing her, and making her renounce her errors : but he soon changed his opinion when he had heard Munster. From that moment every hour appeared an age till Ida was delivered. His distance from her seemed greater every step he took.— Happily Munster accompanied him, whose cool judgment prevented or repaired the numerous follies to which our young knight, from his eager precipitancy, was exposed.

The court of Hungary, detestable as it must have appeared to him by the presence of an ungrateful king, and a wicked queen, of whom he could not think without recollecting the adventures of the castle of Cyly, was the place to which he would fain, on magic wings, have been instantaneously transported. There he expected to hear news of Ida ; there awaited him a new pleasure, which he had frequently desired

since the happy issue of his misfortunes: Duke Albert of Austria was expected at Presburg. To see him, to be protected, counselled by him, and at length to save Ida, formed a prospect highly pleasing to Herman, who sincerely respected the prince, and was fully convinced, that Albert would warmly espouse whatever could contribute to the accomplishment of his desires.

On his appearance at the court of Hungary, Herman found that he was treated with far more respect as count of Unna, than he had been as the simple knight of fidelity.

Queen Barbe received him graciously, and had the effrontery, though she knew he was acquainted with her infamous conduct, to look him boldly in the face. She was accustomed to suppose that others had no better memory than herself; and that the witnesses of her former irregularities had forgotten them since her advancement.

It was painful to Herman to pay her the homage due to a queen of Hungary, recol-

lecting that she to whom that honour rightly pertained was still living. He retired with horror from the goaleress of Mary, though he knew not a tenth part of the cruelties she had inflicted on that unhappy victim of her ambition.

King Sigismond paid to the young count of Unna the most flattering attention.—No doubt he had entirely forgotten the kiss imprinted on the lips of Barbe, with which Herman had once falsely been charged; or he must since have been accustomed to know, that others beside himself were admitted to that familiarity: report at least spoke pretty loudly, that Barbe was not very scrupulous on the head of gallantry, and it was almost impossible that her intrigues should remain totally concealed from her husband.

Herman was disappointed in his expectation of finding duke Albert at Presburg. He had gone, it was said, to Klausenburg, to see the princess Elizabeth, whence they were both set off to visit the princess Gara

at the convent of St. Nicholas: a journey that appeared not to have given satisfaction at court, owing to the princess of Rati-bor, who, in disgrace with Sophia, and obliged to retire to the same convent with her daughter, had in her way passed thro' Presburg, and, according to custom, propagated calumnies and excited discontent.

Oh! had Herman known that Gara, the friend of the young Elizabeth, was the friend also of Ida, and lived but a few miles from her; and that the latter was in the most imminent danger, while others were enjoying happiness for which they were indebted to her, he would instantly have flown to her succour, and implored the assistance of all her friends to emancipate her from her frightful danger.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

QUEEN MARY, as the reader has seen, had been liberated from her long and severe captivity. Already she tasted the delicious satisfaction of being once in the company of the princess Gara, and expected, with impatience, the happy moment, when she should fold her child in her arms. A messenger had been secretly dispatched to Elizabeth with the news. Duke Albert, who was then at Klausenburg, immediately set off with her, to convince himself with his own eyes of the almost incredible deliverance of Mary. At the period of the history at which we are arrived, the interview between the mother and daughter had taken place. After the first transports of joy were over, their spirits being a little calmed, they gave themselves up to the sweet pleasure of reflecting on their happiness. Yet it would be wrong to suppose, that in



these delightful moments, she who had occasioned them was forgotten: had every one else been capable of such forgetfulness, it was impossible that the heart of the queen should harbour such ingratitude. She spoke to her daughter, with enthusiasm, of the princess of Wirtemberg, and prayed duke Albert to devise some means of rescuing her, whom she called her only deliverer, her tutelary angel. Albert and Eliza blushed. Why the former did so, we knew not: the blush of the latter no doubt arose from a secret shame at having received the greatest benefit from a person, whom, through the insinuations of a perfidious friend, she had once so unjustly hated.

The princess Gara remarked the emotion of Elizabeth, and observed, that neither force nor cunning could rescue Ida, and that the consent of the archbishop alone could restore her to liberty. To obtain this, therefore, every probable step was immediately taken: though the particular reasons of Subinko for detaining her in prison were not yet known to them, the deli-

cate Ida having never explained herself fully on that head even to Mary.

In the mean time Herman could not avoid experiencing a secret inquietude respecting the fate of his mistress: but how much greater would have been his anxiety, had he known the sad situation in which she was, and the inefficacy of the means employed to deliver her. In a fortnight she was to pronounce her vows. The archbishop answered duke Albert's letter in favour of the princess of Wirtemberg, in an equivocal manner: this answer demanded a reply; and thus Subinko imagined he should spin out the affair, till she had irrevocably dedicated herself to God, and an insurmountable barrier, which would effectually destroy the happiness of Herman, was placed between her and the world.

One evening as Herman sat alone absorbed in thought, and revolving in his mind a variety of schemes for the discovery of Ida, the door opened; and a person entered, whom he supposed to be at the court

of Sigismond, but whom he had sought with eagerness without being able to find him.

"Conrad, dear Conrad!" cried Herman, running to him with open arms, "you arrive at one of the most perplexing moments of my life, to console, perhaps to assist me."

"Would it were in my power!" answered Conrad, taking off his hat and sword, and throwing himself into a chair: "but I am come with the utmost speed to inform you, that there are no farther hopes."

Herman stood before his friend, his arms hanging lifeless by his side, and his eyes wildly starting, as if he had just heard pronounced the sentence of his death; when he suddenly recollected, that the sad news Conrad had to impart to him might not relate to Ida.

"What have you to tell me," said he at last, "in which I am concerned? I am indifferent to every thing but Ida, and of her you surely know nothing."

"Yet it is of her, and her only, I have to speak. I am just arrived from the

“ place where she is detained, from the com-  
“ vent of St. Anne, to tell you that all is  
“ over, that she is lost to you, if . . . . but  
“ how is it possible to accomplish in a few  
“ days, what has employed me whole weeks  
“ in vain?”

“ You know then her abode; you bring  
“ me news of her: yet you pretend she is  
“ ravished from me for ever! impossible!  
“ impossible! happiness and misery at  
“ once!—I tell you it cannot be, since we  
“ know where she is, she must be saved:  
“ she must, or we must both perish.”

Herman, as he uttered these words, caught up his sword, and cried to his people to come and arm him.

“ Be persuaded once for all,” resumed Conrad, forcing him to sit down on his chair, “ that I have done every thing which  
“ it is possible for man to do.”

“ But did you not say, that in a few  
“ days there would be no remedy? We  
“ have not then a moment to lose. Let us  
“ fly, let us fly instantly, to her succour.”

“ But what could you do?—Do you  
“ even know in what her danger consists?  
“ —Do you know any thing more than the  
“ name of the convent in which she dwells?  
“ Let me assure you that any step you  
“ could take to night would be useless.—It  
“ is necessary, that you should first wait the  
“ result of a new attempt I have made;  
“ and you have nothing to do for the pre-  
“ sent, but seriously attend to the account  
“ I am going to give you of your mistress.”

Herman walked up and down the room, almost beside himself. The representations of Conrad at length prevailed on him to abstain from setting off at a venture, without knowing what measures were necessary to his success, if indeed any hope of success were left.

“ Tell me then ;” cried he with eagerness: “ you see I am calm; calm enough  
“ to hear any thing you have to say.”



## CHAPTER XIX.

“YOU remember,” said Conrad, “how I  
 parted from you on the frontiers of Ger-  
 many. You refused to fly with me; my  
 presence was of no service to you; and I  
 knew that elsewhere it might be useful.”  
 “My thoughts were occupied with your  
 Ida.—‘Herman,’ said I to myself, ‘will  
 arrive at his uncle’s, his innocence will be  
 acknowledged, and nothing will be want-  
 ing to his happiness but the possession of  
 her he loves. How sad an employment;  
 should he be obliged to seek her, and per-  
 haps long seek her in vain? Now, Conrad,  
 an opportunity offers of repaying his  
 kindness, undertake this task for him.—  
 What triumph, if thou canst restore to  
 thy friend his intended bride; before he  
 considers it as an event barely possible.’  
 “At first the only light I had to guide  
 my steps was, that Ida was in a convent in



“ Hungary. I tarried no longer at Prague  
“ than was necessary to get farther informa-  
“ tion. There I learnt, that the archbishop  
“ had carried off the princess of Wirtemberg  
“ under pretence of heresy, and perhaps  
“ on account of a pair of bright eyes which  
“ had captivated him ; for different persons  
“ gave different characters of Subinko, and  
“ God knows which were in the right.

“ At the demand of Sophia, Winc-  
“ laus had banished Subinko from Bohemia;  
“ and the prelate was gone to reside in  
“ Hungary at the court of Sigismond.—  
“ This was enough to induce me with all  
“ speed to repair thither.

“ I found no difficulty in being admit-  
“ ted into the king’s service : an honour  
“ which I desired at bottom only as a means  
“ of access to the archbishop, which I ob-  
“ tained with equal ease. I formed an ac-  
“ quaintance with some of his domestics ;  
“ I drank with them, and amused them with  
“ stories of my campaigns. You know how  
“ much the attendants of a bishop, who

“ have seen no service, and been exposed  
“ to no dangers themselves, love to hear  
“ the hair-breadth escapes of others.

“ My scheme succeeded to a marvel.  
“ The men became communicative, and,  
“ dissatisfied with their master, told me  
“ more than I wished to know. My only  
“ aim was to discover the retreat of the  
“ princess of Wirtemberg, which by in-  
“ direct questions I effected. I learnt from  
“ them that the archbishop had been to see  
“ her at the convent of St. Nicholas, which  
“ he quitted in very ill humour, and swore,  
“ before his valet de chambre, that he  
“ would never see her again till she had ta-  
“ ken the veil. Ida since that had been  
“ removed to St. Anne's, and the year of  
“ her noviciate was nearly expired.

“ I had formed a more particular inti-  
“ macy with one of the archbishop's cava-  
“ liers. He was a man from whom any  
“ thing might be obtained by means of  
“ money and promises. To Rudger, the  
“ attraction of a handful of gold was irre-

“ sistible: he promised to conduct me to  
“ St. Anne's, and to do whatever I desired  
“ him.

“ When we reached the convent, I told  
“ him my purpose of carrying off Ida. I  
“ was at first afraid, that the rape of a nun  
“ would startle him: but I soon found that  
“ he was used to such expeditions. In his  
“ youth he had assisted at more adventures  
“ than one of that kind: and he boasted  
“ of having formerly himself had an in-  
“ trigue with a lay-sister in this self-same  
“ convent, which, though it did not indeed  
“ terminate in carrying off the fair, had ex-  
“ posed him to more risk, during the year  
“ it continued, than if he had ventured at  
“ once on so bold a measure.

“ He informed me, that near the wall  
“ of the burying ground was an old tree,  
“ which used to cover some breaches in it,  
“ by which, with proper caution, easy ac-  
“ cess might be had to the convent. There  
“ he said he would reconnoitre, and en-  
“ deavour to get some information respect-

“ing the interiour of the convent; for  
“amongst those who have renounced the  
“world, there are always individuals with  
“whom connections may be formed; the  
“caterers, door-keepers, and the like, are  
“not incorruptible, and a few trifling pre-  
“sents will not fail of seducing them.

“Rudger soon returned, and brought  
“me good news. Happily for the poor  
“nuns, the breaches in the wall remained  
“as they were ten years before. He had  
“learned that Ida was commonly in the in-  
“firmmary, the windows of which looked  
“into the burying-ground, and that she  
“sometimes took a nocturnal walk among  
“the tombs, which was favourable to our  
“enterprize.

“One doubt remained, which was, that  
“I was unacquainted with the person of  
“her whom I was desirous of carrying off;  
“a difficulty which my trusty companion  
“soon removed, by assuring me, that he  
“knew the princess. ‘I was one of the  
“attendants,’ said he, ‘who accompanied

“her to St. Anne’s. Her slender and majestic shape will distinguish her at once; and the moment we have removed her veil, her angelic countenance will dispel every doubt.”

At these words Herman sighed. Who, indeed, could have once beheld the charms of Ida, and heard them mentioned without emotion?

Conrad continued: “To convince me of the truth of what he had asserted, Rudger, introduced me that very evening into the cemetery. We easily scaled the wall. His plan was good, but I pretended to doubt it, the more to excite him to surmount all difficulties. I succeeded in this, and he himself encouraged me, and endeavoured to persuade me of the facility of the enterprise. He was extremely pressing for me to use dispatch, as the archbishop was soon to make his visitation, and it would probably not be long before Ida took the veil. He gave me hopes, that it would perhaps be pos-



“ sible to carry off the princess on the day  
“ of an approaching festival, when the nuns  
“ enjoyed more liberty than usual : but I  
“ was still of opinion, that it was absolutely  
“ necessary to acquaint Ida with our de-  
“ signs, in order to insure their execution.

“ ‘ Would it take much time,’ said I to  
“ him, ‘ to cut through a few bars of the  
“ window? We could then gain admittance  
“ to her, acquaint her with our scheme,  
“ and carry her off at once, or at least make  
“ the necessary arrangement.’

“ To this Rudger started some objec-  
“ tions. We returned again to the cemetery,  
“ to make further observations, when we  
“ saw something white pass by us, that va-  
“ nished like lightning through a door which  
“ we had not observed to be open, and  
“ which immediately shut with some  
“ noise.

“ ‘ What is that?’ said I to my com-  
“ panion with surprise. ‘ Let me die,’ said  
“ he, ‘ if it was not she herself. I am sure  
“ of it from her shape, and the lightness of



“her step : the nuns of this convent have  
“long ago lost all their alertness.”

“ ‘How unlucky,’ exclaimed I, ‘that  
“we have missed so fair an opportunity !  
“we shall never be blessed with such  
“another.’ ”

“ ‘Come, come,’ said he do not des-  
“pair. We may be more successful to-  
“morrow.’ ”

“We left the burying place, with de-  
“sign to return thither the next night ;  
“which we did ; but to our extreme regret  
“we found that the wall behind the tree  
“had been considerably heightened. It  
“was plain that our scheme was suspected,  
“and that measures were taken to coun-  
“teract it. Some breaches, however, still  
“remained : possibly they had not been  
“observed, or they might have been left  
“by design.

“We entered boldly, resolved to risk  
“every thing to accomplish our purpose.  
“We ascended to the window of the infir-  
“mary ; though we missed our guide, the

“ lamp which usually burnt there. Acci-  
“ dent we thought, might have extinguish-  
“ ed it, and at any rate darkness was favour-  
“ able to our design.

“ Having cut through the bars, we en-  
“ tered the chamber. Conceive our de-  
“ spair, when we found it empty. There  
“ was neither nurse nor patient; all had  
“ disappeared, and the door that commu-  
“ nicated with the convent was firmly se-  
“ cured. We returned sorrowfully as we  
“ came, convinced that we were disco-  
“ vered.

“ On the festival of St. Nicholas, when;  
“ as Rudger assured me, the nuns of the  
“ convent enjoyed more liberty, and there  
“ was some probability of our being able  
“ to meet with the princess, we made an-  
“ other attempt.

“ We concealed ourselves and were on  
“ the watch all day. Many of the nuns  
“ came in our way, but none that were for  
“ our purpose. At length, towards even-  
“ ing, we perceived one whose figure per-

“suaded us it was Ida. We rushed on  
“her, and conducted her away, without  
“her uttering a single cry. She was half  
“up the ladder, when, luckily, her veil fell  
“off, and discovered to us a face so desti-  
“tute of the bewitching charms of Ida’s,  
“as described to me by Rudger, that we  
“had nearly betrayed ourselves by a cry of  
“astonishment.

“We quitted our prize, cursed our  
“fate, and hastened away; not, indeed,  
“renouncing our project, but disposed to  
“undertake something still more daring  
“and rash. Fortune at this period brought  
“to my aid a man wonderfully calculated  
“to assist me in my undertaking. It was  
“my old and faithful Walter, who, being  
“disengaged from his oaths, could openly  
“advise and serve me. He knew Ida,  
“and wished to save her, though his inven-  
“tion was not very fertile in stratagems:  
“mine, indeed, he frequently termed rash,  
“yet he was always ready to second me in  
“their execution.

“ To recount all the means we employ-  
“ ed would be tedious ; but instead of suc-  
“ ceeding I fear they have contributed to  
“ render the fate of the princess more se-  
“ vere, and her deliverance next to impos-  
“ sible.”

Conrad had scarcely finished these words, when Herman started from his seat and exclaimed : “ Madman, that thou art,  
“ thou pretendest to serve me, and by thy  
“ impatience hast ruined me. Tell me,  
“ tell me this instant where is Ida? I will  
“ yet, I will yet save her.”

Langen had great difficulty to calm his friend, and induce him to hear his recital to the end. “ In short,” resumed he, “ let  
“ me tell you then, that I formed the de-  
“ sign of setting fire to the convent, and  
“ of availing myself of the confusion to  
“ carry off Ida.”

“ Rudger and Walter, my companions,  
“ had more judgment than I; and the  
“ scheme was so modified, and changed,  
“ that finally we determined to kindle a

“ little straw, and other combustibles, easy  
“ to be extinguished, in one of the courts  
“ of the convent, at which we could arrive  
“ through the cemetery.

“ This we carried into execution. The  
“ flames ascended into the air in a terrible  
“ manner. With a hollow voice Rudger  
“ gave the alarm of fire. All the nuns  
“ were roused; all the cells opened.—  
“ Once more, during the tumult, we laid  
“ hold of a nun, whom, in the dark, we  
“ took for the princess. Walter in the  
“ mean time extinguished the fire and fol-  
“ lowed us. We took off the veil of the  
“ nun, who had fainted, and found our-  
“ selves a second time mistaken. We left  
“ her in the cemetery and fled.

“ The consequences of so bold an at-  
“ tempt were certainly to be dreaded. To  
“ terrify the nuns by setting fire to their  
“ convent, to carry off one of them, and  
“ then contemptuously to desert her, were  
“ too many insults for one time. The  
“ whole neighbourhood resounded with



“ outcries against the sacrilegious robbers,  
“ and we should certainly have been torn  
“ to pieces had we been suspected. Thus  
“ all further attempts became impracticable.  
“ The convent of St. Anne was guarded  
“ by armed men, and the report was spread,  
“ that the nuns well knew who was the oc-  
“ casion of these attempts, and that they  
“ would soon get rid of her, by sending  
“ her to some distant and unknown con-  
“ vent, where it would be impossible to  
“ find her.

“ I cannot better describe the despair  
“ into which this news threw me, than by  
“ comparing it to that which I read at this  
“ moment in your eyes.”

In fact Herman was no longer master of himself; yet could he not utter a single word; and Conrad finished his narrative without interruption.

“ Fortunately,” continued he, “ Rud-  
“ ger discovered that duke Albert of Austria  
“ was at the neighbouring convent of St.  
“ Nicholas, to which he had accompanied



“ the princess Elizabeth. Knowing, from  
“ your story, the duke’s friendship both for  
“ you and Ida, I hastened to him, gave an  
“ account of every thing, and asked his ad-  
“ vice and assistance.

“ He had already taken many steps in  
“ Ida’s favour. What I related to him  
“ heightened the danger in his eyes; yet  
“ he immediately took measures both to  
“ ascertain her situation, and find means of  
“ delivering her. Having learnt that she  
“ was still at St. Anne’s, the duke dispatch-  
“ ed me with a pressing letter to the arch-  
“ bishop: a letter which he conceives must  
“ have a good effect, unless the prelate be  
“ determined to risk every thing. To  
“ execute the commission am I come hither.  
“ Could a more trusty or expeditious  
“ courier have been chosen?”

“ And what effect has this letter pro-  
“ duced?” said Herman in a tone of despair.

“ The answer I received was very sin-  
“ gular,” replied Conrad: “ The day which  
“ is fast approaching will inform us what

“we are to think of it. I found every  
“thing in confusion in the archbishop’s  
“palace; and nothing less than the name  
“of the duke of Austria would have gained  
“my packet admittance. I was assured,  
“that his holiness was extremely ill, and  
“incapable of reading a letter, much more  
“of answering one,

“I insisted, however, on not quitting  
“the palace without an answer for the  
“duke. At length the grand almoner  
“made his appearance, and informed me  
“that the archbishop was really very ill,  
“but, however things went, that I should  
“have an answer early in the morning.—  
“I then came to you. The servant, who  
“let me out, confidently assured me, that  
“the archbishop was at the point of death  
“and could not possibly live to see the day:  
“an event, which, I am persuaded, will  
“be of no advantage to our affair.”

“Why not? Ida’s persecutor dead, who  
“will oppose her liberation?”

“Do you know the successor of Subin-  
“ko? . . . . New comers generally defend

“ the rights of the church more obstinately  
“ than those who have been long in place.”

“ We shall at least have no private in-  
“ terest to combat relative to Ida. And if,  
“ as has been generally presumed, the co-  
“ vetous Albikus succeed, from his venal  
“ disposition I have every thing to hope  
“ . . . . O Conrad, your news you thought,  
“ would be death to me; on the contrary  
“ it restores me to life and happiness!”

Thus did the two friends spend the night without sleep, revolving in their minds the past, and forming projects for the future. It is true they reckoned upon an event which generous minds seldom take into their calculations; but, as the death of the archbishop would be a happy circumstance for a number of persons groaning under oppression, the friends of Ida were surely excusable, and fortune accordingly effected the accomplishment of their wish.

In the morning they heard, that Subinko had finished his detestable career, and that Albikus would be his successor.—

The new archbishop resided at Prague, and Herman's resolution was soon taken.

“Repair with all speed,” said he to Conrad, “to the place where my Ida is imprisoned; and watch, that she do not escape me, that she be not secretly conveyed to some place where it will require ages for me to find her. I shall myself fly to Prague, to the new archbishop, of whom money will purchase every thing, and shall offer him for her enlargement all I possess, nay all of which I may hope the possession. The count of Wirtemberg, who ere this is at the court of king Wincellaus, will second my wishes. If I succeed, I will soon be with you.— Her father, duke Albert, and you, who are all dear to her as well as to me, shall then join me, to lead her in triumph from her horrible dungeon.”

The spirits of Herman were elevated to the highest pitch. His resolution had been formed with the quickness of lightning; and with equal rapidity was it put in execution.

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## CHAPTER XX.

THE anxiety of Herman and Conrad was but too well founded. The situation of the princess of Wirtemberg since we left her had every day grown worse.

The attempts made to carry her off came not, as has been seen, from the archbishop, but from Conrad of Langen, who, to serve his friend, had employed all possible means, prudent or imprudent.

His schemes, however, would have infallibly succeeded, had he acted with less precipitancy, or had they not been opposed by her who might have favoured them.— But Ida believed Subinko to be the author of this enterprise; and, besides, had she even been informed of the benevolent hand that wished to free her from her dungeon, her principles would probably have revolted at such a mode of deliverance. To escape from a convent, to elope from it with a stranger, however considered, must shock



the delicacy of a modest young woman, and might irretrievably stain her reputation.

Ida neither expected nor hoped for deliverance, but through the solicitations of her friends. She knew not how cold and indifferent was common friendship, when sacrifices are to be made. Elizabeth and the princess Gara, her new acquaintance, happy in the possession of Mary, employed all their cares in re-establishing her health. When they thought of Ida, they quieted their apprehensions for her fate, by the hope that it would soon change, and thus spared themselves the trouble of any exertion to meliorate it.

The queen, it is true, had the name of her deliverer always in her mouth; but they endeavoured to tranquilize her, by hopes of which she could not know the slightest foundation.

Duke Albert, the ardent admirer of Ida, was obliged to conceal his anxiety, lest he should rekindle in the heart of his future



bride those embers of jealousy which were yet scarcely extinguished. There was no one but Conrad, therefore, the imprudent Conrad, who engaged with ardor in our heroine's cause, though, alas! with little success.

The last stratagem to which he had recourse, occasioned the utmost tumult in the convent. The whole community united against it's innocent cause. All the nuns exclaimed, "What! daily new alarms! "cells forced! nuns ravished! the house set "on fire! must we all then become the "victims of one? Let her depart from "these holy walls; let her be sent to some "remote place, where no one can discover "her, there to undergo rigid penances, "capable of expiating the evils we have "suffered on her account." Such was the unanimous desire of those pious maidens.

The abbess, assured that Ida was far from consenting to the rash wishes of those who had attempted to violate the sacred inclosure of the convent, and believing that

she had at length inspired her with a taste for a life which she at first abhorred, would willingly have protected her. But even the attachment she manifested in her favour, rendered her doubly odious to the sisters, to whom it was an object of envy. They insisted, therefore, on the novice's removal to another house, that they might avoid the misfortunes of which her presence might still be the occasion.

The princess was obliged to keep herself closely confined in her cell, and was forbidden to appear in the choir. By degrees suspicions were insinuated into the mind of the abbess. "Is it so very certain," said they, "that she is innocent of what has been done on her account.—" "May not her repugnance to be carried away be a feint? And may she not be in concert with these bold men, who, if she remain here, will, sooner or later, be the ruin of our house?"

Accusations like these had not the least shadow of probability, yet were they listen-

ed to, and at length produced, what is called in convents, a grand interrogatory.

Ida was summoned; a thousand questions were put to her, which she answered in a manner to produce conviction of her innocence, and to humble her enemies; one only excepted, to which it was impossible for her to make the reply which her situation seemed to require, and her sincerity was her ruin.

How, indeed, could the princess answer in the affirmative, when asked if she thought herself really called, if she were ready to take the veil without reluctance, and if she preferred the convent of St. Anne to all the pleasures of the world? Was there even among her judges a single individual, who, from the bottom of her heart, could have said yes to such a question? Ida avowed, therefore with frankness, that the means only employed to deliver her, and the place to which she was probably to have been conducted, were displeasing to her; and that, but for these,

she would be happy to see her friends.— She, besides, solemnly declared, that, if she made her vows, necessity alone would compel her to it, as she felt not the smallest inclination for a religious life.

At these words the whole community was transported with pious rage, and the term hypocrite issued at once from every mouth. She was reproached with having, not long since, held a different language, or of having, by her silence, at least, given reason to suppose, that she would willingly remain at St. Anne's. Ida shrugged up her shoulders, and held her peace. No doubt she had appeared satisfied with her dungeon from attachment to Mary, that she might succour and save that unfortunate queen. How could she confess this? and what indeed would it have availed her, to enter into an explanation of her conduct?

“You say nothing,” said the abbess . . .  
“There is some mystery in this which we  
“cannot penetrate.”

“ And what does she mean,” added one of the sisters, “ by the place to which she was afraid of being conducted, had the men succeeded in carrying her off? . . . She knew the place, then; is not this a proof, that she has some secret intelligence with persons out of the convent.”

The princess being rigorously enjoined to explain herself fully on this head, at last found herself obliged to name the archbishop, and own the designs he had manifested respecting her.

This confession at once determined the sentence to be pronounced on her. “ Abominable slanderer,” cried the abbess, “ thou art unworthy to live. ’Tis an absolute impossibility, that a man so holy, a prelate so aged, so rigidly devout, could be tempted by the worldly charms of such a sinner.” As she said this, she turned with an air of disdain, from the princess, and ordered her to be immediately confined in the place appropriated for such criminals.



Accordingly Ida was conveyed to one of those subterranean dungeons, vestiges of which are yet to be seen in the majority of convents; though, in those days, no doubt, they were far more terrible than any that subsist at present. Her conductors were the two nuns who had like to have been carried off in her stead, and who had shewn themselves most eager for her condemnation, desirous of avenging on her the disgrace of being rejected with contempt, when almost delivered from the precincts of their convents.

Ida's imprisonment was interrupted only by a new interrogatory. The archbishop, possibly feeling a presage of approaching death, came that day to visit St. Anne's, and knowing nothing of what had passed, he demanded a private conversation with the young novice. This the abbess, who appeared to have great influence over his mind, thought proper to refuse; and ordered Ida to be brought before him in presence of the whole community.



310 The princess was obliged to repeat what she had already declared; which she did with courage and discretion, observing, that what related to the attempt to carry her off was purely conjectural.

315 The eyes of Subinko sparkled with rage and indignation. He proved at least with respect to the latter point, the falsehood of the accusation against him, and Ida was reconducted to her prison.

320 The nuns were now ordered to withdraw, and leave the archbishop alone with the abbess. What passed on this occasion between those pious personages has not transpired: but it is certain that the prelate soon quitted the convent, and apparently in the greatest agitation. Perhaps the rights of the abbess authorized her to tell him, without disguise, certain severe truths, the shock of which his feeble frame was inadequate to sustain, and which had the most serious consequences on the old gentleman's health.

He had quitted Presburg in secret, and as secretly did he return thither. The report of his illness was soon spread; and it was not long before the news of his death was made public; which gave the friends of Ida hopes of effecting her deliverance.

In the mean time the situation of the princess of Wirtemberg daily grew worse. The abbess appeared to hate her mortally. A few words dropped occasionally from her jailers, that inspired her with the utmost terror. From them she had reason to suspect, that there was an intention of shutting her up in a cavern that had formerly been dug beneath the very foundations of the convent. Of this fearful abode Ida had frequently heard: for twenty years it had never been used; and she had new reason to fear that she would be the first unhappy wretch destined to finish her days in it.

She was on the brink of giving way to despair. There were moments in which her senses were entirely lost . . . . "Alas!" said she in her lucid intervals, "I am abandon-

"ed, then, by all the world! . . . Herman!  
" Albert! Mary! my father! no one, no  
" one comes to my assistance."

She was no longer interrogated. Every instant she trembled, lest the abbess should come to remove her from her dungeon to this terrible cavern. One day, when cruelly tormented by this apprehension, she heard the door open: the abbess appeared; Ida fainted at the sight of her.

"I must see her myself," cried the holy matron . . . "Where is she? . . . Good  
" God, what an accident! . . . Senseless on  
" the ground! . . . Perhaps dead! . . . God  
" forbid! O St. Anne, have pity on us!—  
" Take her up quickly, and convey her to  
" one of the chambers above."

"Holy mother," said one of the sisters, who accompanied her, "let her remain in  
" peace where she is. If dead, it may be  
" well: the dead, you know, tell no  
" tales."

"True. But what a terrible spectacle!  
" her emaciated body will bear testimony

"against us. . . . Let us see, however.

" . . . Ah, she breathes! she is yet alive.

" Take her instantly away, and give her

" every possible assistance."

After remaining a whole hour insensible, Ida came to herself. She was astonished to perceive a clean and well lighted chamber. Fancying herself in a dream, she endeavoured to rise from the bed of down, on which she had been placed. It was the bed of the abbess herself.

" Be still, be still, my dear daughter," said the abbess, who sat at the bedside, anxiously feeling her pulse.

" Where am I?" said the princess.

" In the midst of your friends. The term of your trial is finished. Yes, we wished not to punish, but to try you.— You know how much you were beloved by us."

Ida turned impatiently to the other side of the bed.

" She wants rest," said the abbess to one of the nuns. " I will leave her to

"make the necessary preparations. Let her want for nothing, and call me when she awakes."

The princess had indeed need of rest, of tranquillity, though not of sleep. What passed around her, too much engaged her attention for her to think of sleeping. Her weakness would not yet permit her to talk: she pressed the hand of the nun who sat by her, and fixed her languid eyes on the face of her compassionate nurse, which was wet with tears. She was one of Ida's friends, one of those whom her generous care had snatched from the jaws of death.

"What means this change?" said the princess, after some time.

The nun made a sign for her to be silent, and crept softly to the door, to see if any one were listening.

"To-morrow," said she, returning to the side of the bed, "we expect our new archbishop, who is coming with the count of Wirtemberg, duke Albert, and the count of Unna, to deliver from the



“convent a young lady who is unfortunate but not guilty.”

Ida had never heard of the archbishop's death, consequently could not comprehend his having a successor: her father, she supposed to be at a great distance; and of the count of Unna she knew nothing. She was far from suspecting, that the person in question was her beloved Herman. Taking, therefore, what was said for a dream, she closed her eyes the longer to enjoy it.

Soon, however, she opened them again, and put a fresh question to her companion. The nun made no answer, but pointed to the door. A moment after the abbess appeared.

“Have you slept, my child?” said she.

“She has but this moment awaked,” answered the nun.

“Sleep, sleep, my dear,” continued the abbess. “Those pale cheeks must regain their bloom against to-morrow: those languid eyes must sparkle with their usual vivacity. You do not know whom you



"will see . . . . a father . . . . a friend . . .

"a . . . . a . . . . what shall I say?"

The pious lips of the abbess refused to utter the word lover, which was on the tip of her tongue. Ida had heard enough however, to be transported with joy.

"It is then, it is really true?" cried she, clasping her hands together.

"What means this transport of joy? have you already been informed of the news?"

"No, no; but I have been dreaming of such an event."

The abbess answered, that heaven frequently held a communication with the virtuous during their sleep. "I too dreamt," added she, "that you must be made to undergo trials, and very severe ones, in order to give you a more exquisite sensation of happiness."

Out of respect to this dream, and the long exhortations that were made her to be reconciled, to keep the secrets of the convent, and to think only of her future felicity, the princess promised not to disclose the

ills she had endured, to forego all thoughts of revenge, and to endeavour to persuade herself, that what she had suffered, was meant, as the abbess had said, as a trial, not as a punishment; and was the effect of friendship, not the consequence of hatred.

The happy day, the day of a union so long wished for, at length began to dawn. So much had been said to Ida of her happiness, that she became insensibly familiarized to the idea. Restoratives, liberally administered, had given her sufficient strength to rise, and be led to meet her friends.—She might be compared to a beautiful rose a little withered, and just revived by the morning dew. By turns she received expressions of affection from her father, and from her lover. What appellations of endearment were interchanged! what questions put! what emotions felt! With difficulty could Herman and Ida support their ecstasy. The joy of the count of Wirtemberg was scarcely short of theirs; duke Albert turned aside to conceal a tear? and the

archbishop Albikus was so pleased with the present he had received for the princess's liberty, that he offered to marry her to the count of Unna on the spot. But this the abbess obstinately opposed. "How horrid," said she, "to think of performing such a ceremony within the sacred walls of a convent!"

Next day the princess of Wintemberg found herself in the arms of Mary, Elizabeth, and Rose Gara: she had the pleasure also of embracing Munster, and testifying her gratitude to the generous Conrad.

What excess of happiness! To paint it, who will dare take the pencil?

At length Herman espoused his beloved Ida. He presented her to his respected uncle; he introduced her to the acquaintance of the rest of his family; of Alicia, of Agnes, and of Petronilla. Ulric of Senden became her friend. John of Unna appeared also to share his brother's happiness; and Herman succeeded in reconciling him to the old count.

We are unable to give the reader farther particulars, the latter part of our manuscript being illegible. Two leaves only have escaped the ravages of time. In the first is a letter from Mrs. Munster to her husband, dated in the year 1419, which informs us, that the young countess of Unna had just been delivered of a son. Ida was then at the court of her friend, queen Sophia. It was the last year that Sophia wore the crown: become a widow, by the death of Winceslaus, she retired to a convent, in hopes of there finding that repose she had vainly sought on a throne.

In the second leaf is an invitation from Herman, count of Unna, to Alicia of Senden, and her husband Ulric, to come to Ratisbon to be sponsors for his second son. From which it appears, that Bernard and Catherine were both dead, and that fortune had thus taken care to unite, after a long series of unhappiness, two virtuous beings, who had so little deserved to be separated.

We find also a few fragments, which indicate, that Herman, by the advice of his father-in-law and uncle, had determined to enter into that society, which had given his past life so many alarms. An anecdote which will appear by no means improbable; if we consider, that, at that period, whoever would put his life in surety, must be linked, either in his own person or by means of some dependant, to that formidable chain which, while it encircled all, was invisible to every eye.

THE END.















